Where Are the Leaders of Our Country? *John F. Kerry*

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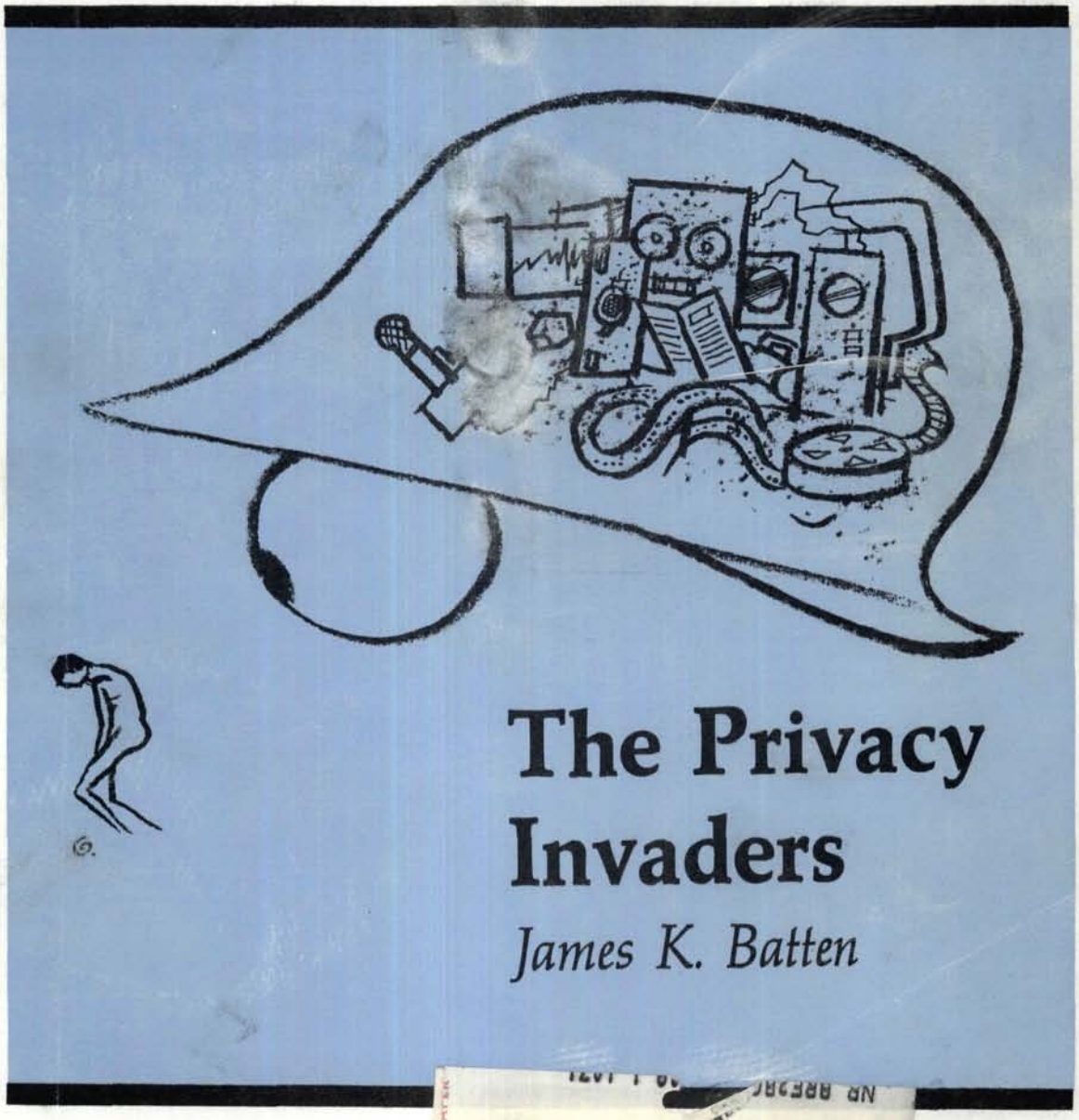

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James K. Batten

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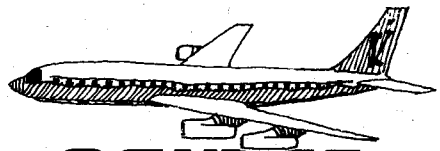

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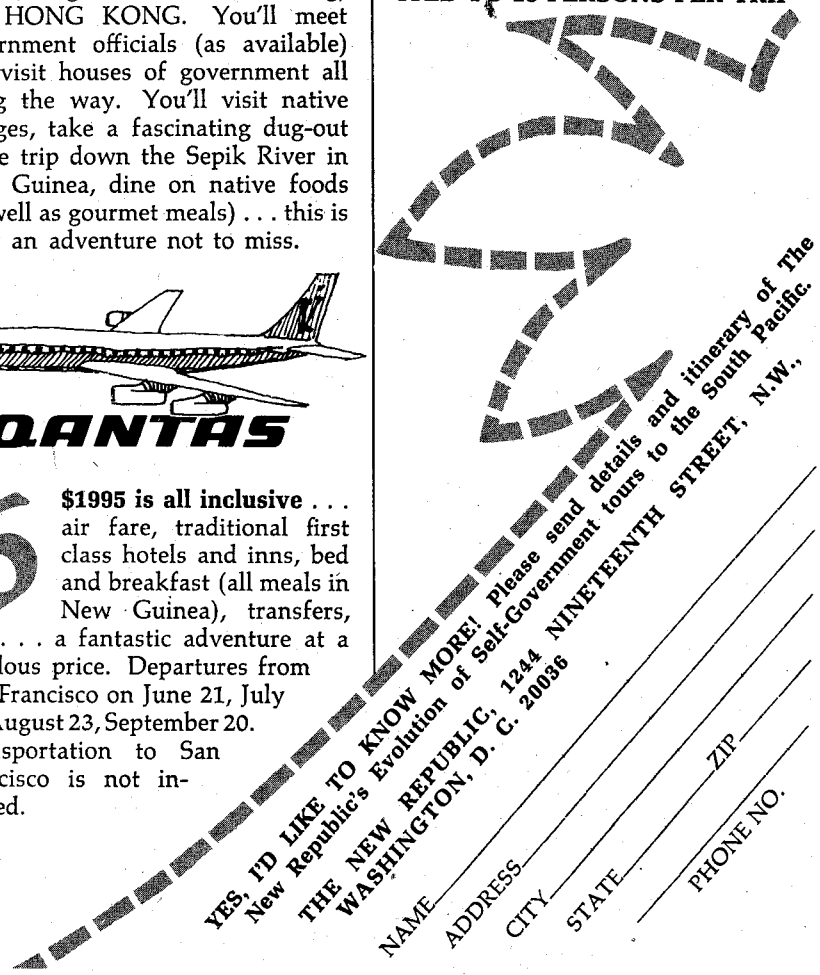

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TRB

from Washington ®

Notes from a Fountain

This is the first time I have ever made notes inside a fountain. It is a circular cement bowl and the architect must have designed it for me; the curve behind is a wonderful back rest for a man who has walked five miles, and the block in front where, I suppose, the water-lilies grow, is just right for a foot brace. Fortunately they haven't turned the hydrants on yet or I would be two feet under water. A couple of exhausted marchers are lying in the basin too, with sleeping bags over their heads.

Up behind me, gleaming white, is the magnificent Capitol. Down below me on Pennsylvania Avenue where they have stopped traffic are perhaps half-a-million people, wandering about good-naturedly, as many going as coming, perhaps a quarter of the number listening to the speeches. The speeches come from little men standing up there on a platform while right beside me on the terrace is a battery of loud speakers with a Satanic roar that would knock a cat off a rail fence.

It is a good time for a little soul-searching. Not just about the huge crowd which constitutes a kind of folk festival, relaxed and rather gala, but about those brooding Vietnam veterans who were encamped here a few days ago down on the Mall, a thousand or so of them, and of their testimony before Congress, and of the effect it has had on the nation, and the Administration and yes, on me.

To begin with I know, at last, what an idea looks like whose time has come. It is a Popsicle tricycle parked smack in the middle of thronged Pennslyvania Avenue from which all cars are excluded. It is boys looking like Abe Lincoln with girls in serapes going around with yellow plastic bags trying to show their law-and-order respect by picking up cigarette butts and Coke bottles. It is the reverberant voice from the sky as loud as God's at Mount Sinai saying, "Please take lost children over to the press gate." It is a breeze on a scudding spring day that sends up scraps of papers like kites or runs a cardboard box along like a child's wagon, past the great equestrian statue of General Grant where a long-haired youth has climbed up and sits behind him on the crupper with an American flag upside down. It is (oh, well, I could go on like this indefinitely) suds in the fountain before the Mellon Gallery overflowing like quivery snow; the powerful voice of Ralph Abernathy denouncing the war; a sign reading, "The majority isn't silent, the government is deaf"; yes, and the brief merging of a great multitude into one personality.

This crowd was enormous, but far less impressive, really, than the quiet little band who slept on the ground in the Mall a few days earlier. They were the veterans; the ones who had really been out there. Were they phonies? – I talked to a dozen as any skeptical reporter would. Not only were they real but they gave me an awed feeling I am going to think about. . . . Remembering it, I stirred in my fountain. The cement was getting hard and the day was progressing. Naiads must have a tough time.

If I had been tapped by the draft I suppose I should have gone, too, as they did; I don't suppose I would have ducked to Canada, or been a CO. And now these boys, in their scruffy fatigues, their long hair, their provocative hippie look and their sleeves pinned to their coats had come back with a haunted look. They had their memories of horror and they were asking for an accounting. Why had they gone? Why had 50,000 died? Why was the thing still continuing against the evident will of the nation? Why was it necessary to save Mr. Nixon the embarrassment of saying (as the surrogate of all of us), "I am not going to be the first American President to say I lost a war"?

There will be other protests now, and they may be violent and alienate public sympathy. But these thousand or so veterans pushed the thorn right down to the quick. These were the boys Mr. Nixon said "stood tall." And, having returned, they won every engagement with an administration whose lack of grace has become a myth in its own time. They were barred at first from laying wreaths at the veterans' cemetery; they were served an injunction against sleeping on the Mall after a government appeal against them to the Supreme Court – a government that suddenly grasped its awful mistake and got the injunction dissolved at the cost of a tongue-lashing from the judge. It was a public relations disaster for the Administration from start to finish. You can't win an argument with a paraplegic.

The deeper problem is, though, what happens now? What do you do with a government that fights a war that 73 percent of the public rejects (the figure may be higher since last January). At least the war has produced two pieces of literature. One was the frozen anger in that letter Capt. Aubrey Daniel III, 29, the prosecutor, wrote to his Commander-in-Chief, in the Calley case, defending the honor of the US Army against the interference of Mr. Nixon.

The other was the scalding antiwar statement by the veterans' leader, John Kerry, to the Senate Foreign Relations committee (see page 15): "The country doesn't know it yet," he said, speaking with a broad A, "but it's created a monster; a monster in the form of millions of men who have been taught to deal and to trade in violence, and who are given a chance to die for the biggest nothing in history – men who have returned with a sense of anger and a sense of betrayal which no one yet has grasped." He finished and waited for questions.

"Move your microphone," ordered Sen. Symington. "Which way, sir?" "To your left" (gruffly). "I wanted to see what's on your chest. That's a Silver Star?" "Yes, sir." "And that's a Purple Heart?" "Yes, sir." "With how many clusters?" "Two, sir." "That means you were wounded in action three times?" "Yes, sir."

There was a pause that made your heart leap. Senator Symington turned slowly to Chairman Fulbright. "I have no further questions," he said.

It was time to leave my fountain. . . . I walked back slowly through the throngs, up the Avenue and past the White House. The little man wasn't there.

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Later George, Not Now

Senator George McGovern, like Vice President Agnew, is unhappy these days with the news media, but whereas Agnew doesn't like what he reads and sees, what bothers McGovern is what he doesn't see in the newspapers and on television. McGovern is the first announced candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1972. He's a member of a major party. He is a two-term US senator. Because he is a well-known officeholder seeking the nomination of his party for the highest political office, it would seem proper that he be included in the polls and sundry published lists of potential candidates. But often he is not. On April 11, *The New York Times Magazine* published an article by *Times* reporter Richard Reeves ("Any Number Can Play 'Scenario' ") in which there appeared one such listing. Reeves wrote, in preface: "there is only a small company of principal actors, maybe two dozen, who have any conceivable chance to be President. And they are all running or trying to run. Running, of course, has nothing to do with announcing your candidacy – it has to do with whether other people think of you as a potential President. If they do, with a prize so great, you are a candidate by definition and every action, public and private, is affected by that. Nixon, Muskie, Agnew, Humphrey, Rockefeller, Kennedy, Lindsay, Hughes, McCarthy, Bayh, Jackson, Wallace, Reagan, even McCloskey." No McGovern.

But McGovern had announced his candidacy January 18, nearly three months before, and when the article appeared he was the only announced contender of either party. (Perhaps the omission was inadvertent because in a later, passing mention of Senator McGovern, Reeves does give him a sentence, dismissing him.) Granted that anybody can *say* he's a candidate, and that the saying of it doesn't make his candidacy credible or confer upon him an equal claim to attention; news judgments *do* affect news coverage. Yet McGovern can't be dismissed as if he weren't there. He's the only serious, confessed candidate there is! And it's curious, because many of the people who rule him out of the running, themselves rather like George McGovern.

The polls also have been playing the nonrecognition game. In its latest presidential preference sampling, the American Institute of Public Opinion, the Gallup organization, asked respondents to vote

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in three hypothetical elections matching, respectively, Nixon, Muskie and Wallace; Nixon, Kennedy and Wallace; and Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace. (Nixon won in each case.) Although Gallup in releasing the poll results speculates that since no Democrat is the obvious party favorite, such men as Bayh, Hughes, Lindsay and McGovern still have a chance at the nomination, his poll did not set up trial heats pitting any of these politicians against Nixon. The reason McGovern was omitted despite his being the only professed candidate, George Gallup Jr. says, is that "it would be unrealistic at this point" to include him, because less than half the electorate has even a vague idea who he is. In January, Mr. Gallup explains, a sample of 1502 persons was asked to correctly identify candidates. Just saying a man was "a Democrat and a politician" sufficed. In this simple test, only 42 percent could identify McGovern. Kennedy, on the other hand, was identified by 92 percent; Humphrey by 87 percent; Muskie 76 percent; Lindsay 71 percent; Bayh 23; Hughes and Jackson each 11. So it is "unrealistic," Gallup says, to run a test on McGovern or anybody else known to less than half the population, because in a poll people will generally say they prefer a known candidate over one who is unknown. Gallup expects that later on his poll will be able to run McGovern against Nixon.

Gallup says that this exclusionary procedure isn't biased and that he has no interest in President-making. "We consider ourselves reporters. It's not our business what happens to the findings. We feel that we should report the facts." But such polls help *make* facts, by publicizing and thus enhancing the prospects of some politicians and diminishing others. If "recognition factor," rather than declared candidacy, is to determine who is pitted against whom by the pollsters, perhaps they should offer voters such names as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. or Frank Sinatra. Under the Gallup rule, whether they say they're candidates or not is irrelevant. Kennedy's press secretary says he's heard the senator say he's not a candidate for the nomination in '72 "at least 30 or 40 times. In fact he asked to take his name out of the polls at one point." Yet while waiting for McGovern to become better known, Gallup persists in putting Kennedy up against Nixon. ("I know why and so do you" says Kennedy's press man. "Kennedy is good copy.")

An article in the *Times* and one Gallup poll hardly constitute a conspiracy, and there isn't one against McGovern. Fairness is another matter. As California's new Democratic Senator John Tunney noted before a meeting of newspaper editors in New York a few days ago, non-candidate Muskie has been getting far more publicity than candidate McGovern. Members of McGovern's staff, disturbed by what they consider the sparse coverage of their campaign, have confronted newspaper editors and have been told in so many words that they don't think McGovern's chances of getting the nomination are good, and that news coverage is influenced by what they, the editors, gauge the candidate's chances to be. The prophecy becomes self-fulfilling. Scant newspaper coverage does nothing to ameliorate a candidate's "familiarity" problem. Unless the cycle is broken somewhere, the editors and pollsters exercise an influence over the outcome they ought not to have. "On a number of positions," says one McGovern partisan, "McGovern has been first and Muskie has been about a week later. And the Muskie statement has gotten the coverage."

The New York Times is one of the most accurate and comprehensive daily newspapers in America. Yet until quite recently, it ran very little on what McGovern said or did. On March 11, McGovern and Sen. Charles McC. Mathias (R, Md.) introduced in Congress what they call the National Peacetime Transition Act, a proposal intended to reduce the dependence of workers and communities on defense and space contracts. There was no mention of it in the *Times*. McGovern's March 24 statement on China, calling for recognition of the People's Republic as the "sole legitimate government of China," admission of Red China to the UN and opening trade relations with the mainland, went unreported by the *Times*. (The *Washington Post* ran it on the first page of section K, along with the classified ads.) On March 25, McGovern delivered a speech in New York City (to which The *Washington Post* sent a reporter) on the so-called "policemen's bill of rights," a proposed GI bill for police. Nothing in the *Times*. Likewise, the *Times* did not cover a talk on the Middle East which he gave on March 29, also in New York, nor did it report the introduction of the McGovern-Moss Truth in Advertising bill on April 1, nor a protest letter McGovern sent the Commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service concerning the Administration's proposed $3 billion in tax relief for big business.

So how does a candidate get recognized by enough people to qualify in Gallup's book as a candidate? Buy out NBC? McGovern has tried to buy time to answer the President on Vietnam and has been told it is "too early" for political broadcasts. Who is it who determines when a campaign opens? Is it the candidate, the networks, Gallup, *The New York Times*? "Sure we've announced earlier than anybody in the last hundred and forty-five years or something," comments a McGovern man. "Well that's a change and they ought to recognize it."

COMING: "For God and Country"—a report on the candidacy of Harold Hughes

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18-Year-Old Vote

California became the 20th state, on April 19, to approve the 18-year-old vote amendment, moving ratification beyond the half-way mark a few days short of a month after Congress completed action. Eleven more legislatures now in session are rated "on the verge of moving" by backers of the proposed 26th amendment, and eight more show "some possibility" of moving. That's a total of 39, one more than is needed to make it official. Proponents have upped their target date for ratification from fall to late spring or early summer. If they hit their target, approval of the 26th will break the record set in 1803-4, when the 12th amendment, which clarified the procedures of the electoral college, was ratified in eight months.

Considerations of economy have something to do with the rapidity with which the 26th is being acted upon. Because the Supreme Court ruled that the 18-year-old provision in the Voting Rights Act of 1970 applies only to federal elections, states are faced with the costly process of dual registration rolls, double sets of ballots, and separate counting. In some states, officials have warned that dual balloting not only would cost a lot of money but be an incredible mess.

If the legislatures now in session don't act before they adjourn, there's a possibility of special sessions in states like Wyoming, New Mexico and South Dakota, all of which adjourned until 1973, before Congress made its decision on the amendment. A special session might be cheaper than dual elections.

As of April 26, the following states had approved the 26th: Alaska, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Tennessee, Vermont and Washington. States "on the verge" are: Colorado, Illinois, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin. States with "some possibility": Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina and Utah.

Surprise

The bearer of glad tidings is freshman Congressman Harold L. Runnels (D, NM), former Texan, former FBI employee, Mason, Baptist, member of the Chamber of Commerce and the American Petroleum Institute. Mr. Runnels, just back from a ten-day official House Armed Services Committee tour of the war zone, had expected "to see the countryside torn up." On the contrary: he was "surprised," he told an interviewer, that "from the DMZ down to the Delta . . . those people's lives are going along normal – normal as we know it in this country. I don't believe the great majority of the people there realize there's a war going on." The farms of South Vietnam "are in beautiful shape . . . the villages are not burned up or torn up. The farmland is 99.9 percent intact." Perhaps that is because "they're using different types of bombs than they had in World War II. They have bombs that will only tear up six inches of the ground. Tonnage-wise I would have thought the country would have been torn up, but it wasn't." No massive US economic assistance for postwar Vietnam is called for: "I just don't think they need it."

The week Mr. Runnels was observing Arcadia in Asia, three West Point graduates who resigned their commissions as captain held a press conference in Chicago. "War crimes are a way of life in Vietnam," they said; and Vice President Ky held a press conference in Saigon, where he predicted it would be 15 to 20 years before South Vietnam can defend itself.

The Nixon Watch

Panetta's White House

The White House that Leon Panetta got to know in the 13 months before Mr. Nixon had him fired from his job as the chief civil rights enforcer at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare turns out in his account of his experience with it (*Bring Us Together* – Lippincott, $5.95) to have been pretty much the kind of place that I and a good many other reporters who observed it from the outside thought it was. Pragmatists, men whose only true dedication was to the political welfare and success of Richard Nixon, dominated the White House staff and were valued elsewhere in government. Zealots, the White House term for officials who were foolish enough to show that some higher conviction moved them, were distrusted and detested. The handling of such matters as public school desegregation, Panetta's main interest, led him to conclude that the explanation for the conduct he observed "might not have been so much abandonment of principles as a lack of principle where domestic issues were concerned." We of the press could deduce that this was true. Leon Panetta and his co-author and former assistant at HEW, Peter Gall, came to know that it was true in their time. Most of the White House characters who taught them that it was true are still there, doing what they did in 1969 and early 1970. It's the same Nixon White House,

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except that presidential 1972 is nearer than it was and that political considerations are, if anything, more compelling than they were in the first months.

Panetta, a lawyer from California, and Gall, a journalist from Michigan, are Republican. Their story is principally Panetta's, with Gall identified as co-author and treated in the third person. They were staff assistants to Republican Senator Thomas H. Kuchel of California when he was defeated for renomination in 1968. Panetta, then 30, and Gall, then 33, had their doubts about both Nixon and Robert H. Finch, the California lieutenant governor who was to be HEW Secretary and their boss. They suspected that Finch, after his long association with Nixon, "might well share some of his ability to walk too fine a line between principle and politics." Nixon's campaign promises, implied and stated, to conciliate the South by slowing down civil rights enforcement bothered them. But they had been impressed by Nixon's post-election pledge to "bring us together again." They didn't believe that any President, even Nixon, could turn back the clock and refuse to enforce the law. "You somehow wanted the Administration to work, even if you weren't crazy about the chief." So they joined up, Panetta first as a special assistant to Secretary Finch and then as director of HEW's Office for Civil Rights, and Gall as his press spokesman at OCR.

They were on the fringe of White House operations. But the Panetta office was at the center of White House concerns. It shared with the Justice Department the duty of enforcing both the Supreme Court's 1954 finding that deliberate segregation by race in publicly supported schools violates the Constitution and the statutory requirement that federal funds must be withheld from deliberately segregated schools and school districts. Panetta proposed to enforce the law, period. Nixon and Attorney General John W. Mitchell proposed to enforce it, too, but always in a manner that would cause the least possible disturbance to white Southern voters.

Conflict was inevitable, Bob Finch was caught between the White House and his enforcers, and the Panetta account presents a saddening record of the erosion of confidence and courage that preceded Finch's transfer in June of 1970 from HEW to the White House staff. Panetta writes of Finch as he was the day he let his OCR director be fired at Nixon's order: "In fact, the Secretary had stood by me many times. He was sensitive to the [desegregation] issue. But I had come to a reluctant conclusion some months before that he would never fully use the key position he held, the potential power he had within the Administration to speak up for the nonpolitical solution to civil rights enforcement."

One of Panetta's early introductions to the pressures that all but destroyed Finch was at a meeting of Southern Republican chairmen in Washington. Peter Flanigan, a Nixon assistant whose responsibilities were not known to include civil rights, was telling the politicians when Panetta entered: "It takes time to clean out a government, and we're working at it. . . . It'll take time to clean out the lower-level bureaucrats." Panetta, the recently recruited lower-level bureaucrat, tried to convince his audience that he was as anxious as anyone else in the Administration to enforce the law through "voluntary compliance" and friendly communication where and when that was possible. Former Congressman Howard (Bo) Calloway of Georgia retorted, "The law, the law – listen here. Nixon promised the South he would change the law, change the Supreme Court, and change this whole integration business. The time has come for Nixon to bite the bullet, with real changes and none of this communicating bullshit." Harry Dent of South Carolina, who had shifted from Senator Strom Thurmond's service to Nixon's, told the same group at a later meeting and in Panetta's hearing that "we're marching right ahead and everything looks good. Just give us a little time, and we'll have everything worked out."

John D. Ehrlichman, Nixon's assistant for domestic affairs and the chief staff overseer of school affairs, invited Panetta to lunch in the White House mess. Bryce Harlow, the staff counselor in charge of congressional liaison, joined them. Ehrlichman, a lawyer, pretended to know less than he did about civil rights legalities and asked why the minority of Southern school districts still in total noncompliance couldn't have "a little more time." Panetta's reply that they'd had all the time since 1954 and that the Supreme Court was getting impatient did not appear to impress Ehrlichman. He extracted a promise that the White House staff would be notified before any districts were denied federal funds. Harlow, talking as if he were oblivious of the historic differences between Northern and Southern segregation, argued that "what we should do is bring all of this integration business to a stop in the South until the North catches up." Panetta remembers that he thought to himself, "My God, he really means it – he really means it." Finch, alarmed by what he heard of the lunch from Nixon assistants, told his departmental staff that "they think Panetta is really a super-zealot . . . nothing but a bloodthirsty integrationist."

A critical issue in May 1969 involved 21 of Senator Thurmond's South Carolina districts and a court order that they submit acceptable compliance plans to HEW. The White House hoped to demonstrate the validity of its "voluntary" approach by persuading the districts to adopt plans drawn up by HEW instead of inviting final court action or the administrative termination of their federal money. Only two districts had capitulated. Finch told Panetta that "the President himself was getting antsy about those South Carolina

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districts." Nixon had suggested that he and Finch go to South Carolina and see what they could do. Panetta and the Secretary's executive assistant, Patrick Gray, convinced Finch that he and Nixon would compound the confusion and further weaken the desegregation effort if they intervened. John Mitchell settled the matter by requiring HEW and persuading the court to allow the holdouts an extra year, until the fall of 1970 instead of 1969, to come into token compliance.

So things went until the end for Panetta. He gave more than a little; Finch gave a lot. Nothing they did could satisfy Nixon's people so long as Panetta and his enforcers were upsetting the white South and keeping the President in a condition of intermittent fury. Finch and HEW Under Secretary John Veneman stood off a flat White House demand for Panetta's resignation in September. On February 17, 1970, a Washington newspaper reported that "congressional sources" had word directly from the White House that Panetta was going to be fired. While Finch, confronted by Panetta, was trying by telephone to get confirmation or a denial from the White House, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler announced that "Mr. Panetta has submitted his resignation to Secretary Finch." Panetta, weeping at one point, submitted his resignation five hours afterward. With a handshake and in silence, Finch accepted it.

John Osborne

Water, Water For the Wealthy

Not far to the east of the summer White House at San Clemente lies one of the most miraculous deserts in America, California's Imperial Valley. It's large (about 1¼ times the size of Rhode Island), hot (temperatures of 120° are not uncommon in midsummer), dry (total annual rainfall is barely three inches) and flat. It is also one of the richest agricultural areas in the world, producing $250 million annually of cotton, sugar beets, lettuce, alfalfa and other crops. What makes the Imperial Valley rich is water from the Colorado river, water brought through a network of dams and canals built by the federal government in the 1930s and '40s. Thanks to the imported water, what was once barren is now a grower's paradise, producing two or three crops a year.

This spectacular reclamation of desert wastelands would be an unblemished tribute to American enterprise were it not for an important fact: the beneficiaries are a small group of wealthy growers who hold most of their land illegally. Back in 1902, when Congress passed the Reclamation Act, it sought to assure that the benefits of federal irrigation projects would accrue to small homesteaders, not to land speculators or the holders of vast estates. The law stated unequivocally that landholders could receive federal water only for farms of 160 acres or less, and that in order to receive this water they had to live on, or very near, their land. In 1926 Congress strengthened the 1902 Act by providing that landholders owning more than 160 acres had to sell their excess land, at pre-irrigation prices, before they could receive federal water.

The railroads, land speculators and big ranchers have always opposed the Reclamation Act's anti-monopoly provisions, have never been able to persuade Congress to repeal them, and they've successfully got around them. Techniques of evasion have varied from region to region. Imperial Valley growers did it by persuading Herbert Hoover's Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, to sign a letter in 1933 – days before the Roosevelt administration took over – expressing his opinion that the Imperial Valley was exempt from the 160-acre limitation. Wilbur's last-minute ruling was elicited by one of his aides through a typical special-interest ploy: the aide, who shortly thereafter became a paid consultant to Imperial Valley growers, convinced Wilbur to sign the letter without consulting the Interior Department's chief legal officer, who believed in enforcing the 160-acre limitation.

Wilbur's letter was merely an informal opinion, but it achieved the desired effect. Using the letter as its rationale, the Imperial Irrigation District (which distributes water and electric power in the Valley) for three decades bestowed its bounty upon landowners of all sizes and shapes, never forcing anyone to sell his excess holdings. Today more than half the irrigated acreage in the Imperial Valley is held by owners of more than 160 acres, and two-thirds of it by absentees. Some of the holdings are as large as 10,000 acres; several belong to such agribusiness giants as Purex, United Fruit and the Irvine Land Company.

This concentration of rich, federally irrigated lands in the hands of a relatively few large landowners not only flies in the face of congressional enactments; it opens these landowners' bank accounts to vast unearned windfalls, all courtesy of the federal government and the taxpayer. The multiplicity of subsidies that accrue to the Valley's landowners is dazzling. First is the water subsidy. Hoover Dam, completed in 1935, cost $175 million; the All-American Canal, which carries water from the Colorado to the Valley, cost $30 million. Part of this mammoth investment comes out of the general treasury; the remainder is almost entirely repaid by electric power consumers in Los Angeles and other southern California cities.

Second is the labor subsidy. Between 1952 and 1964, millions of *braceros* toiled in the Imperial Valley at wages lower than any others paid in America. Today thousands of Mexicans stream across the border

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each morning with blue or pink permit cards, compliments of the US Labor Department. Their presence impedes the efforts to unionize farmworkers and keeps field wages below two dollars an hour.

Then there's the agricultural subsidy. The same federal government that spends millions to make the Imperial Valley fertile also pays millions to landowners not to grow crops. Thus: 500 large growers receive $12 million annually in farm subsidies, while 10,000 landless residents of the Valley must eke out an existence on welfare payments totaling less than $8-million.

By far the largest windfall is in the form of land appreciation. Irrigated land in the Imperial Valley is worth, conservatively, $700 an acre more than the same land would be worth without water. A landowner with 2000 acres thus gets a $1.4-million bonanza from the federal government, merely because his land is in the right place. The total land appreciation in the Imperial Valley attributable to the taxpayers' munificence exceeds a quarter of a billion dollars.

In short, it's quite a bubble: landowners in a once-desolate dust bowl reaping millions at the public's expense on acreage they never should have been allowed to hold in the first place. But it has been a precarious bubble, resting on the thin edge of nonenforcement of the Reclamation Act, and for a few brief years it appeared that the bubble might burst. In 1964 Interior Secretary Stewart Udall declared that Wilbur's letter was a mistake, and that the Interior Department would enforce the 160-acre limitation in the Imperial Valley. The large landowners were stunned. Political pressures were brought, but to no avail at the time. So the Imperial Irrigation District stalled; it refused to require growers to sell their excess land. The Interior Department could have cut off the district's spigot; it chose instead to seek a court order compelling the district to apply the law. The case dragged on for years. Last January a Nixon-appointed federal district judge in San Diego ruled in favor of the large landowners; he upheld Wilbur's letter and rejected Udall's reversal. At that point the dispute became political: would the Nixon administration appeal the district judge's decision – a decision involving a vital principle of agrarian democracy, millions of the taxpayers' dollars, and the important question of whether executive department heads can blithely evade congressional policy? Or would the Administration, as the large landowners urged, allow the lower court decision to stand unchallenged?

Politically the landowners now had some powerfully placed friends: Governor Ronald Reagan, who strongly opposes acreage limit enforcement; Democratic Senator John V. Tunney, who supported the landowners' interests when he was a congressman from the Imperial Valley and continues to do so as a senator; Rep. Victor Veysey, the Republican who succeeded Tunney in the House; and not least of all, Richard M. Nixon, who assured Imperial Valley growers in 1949 when he ran for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas that he would fight against acreage limitation.

Arrayed against this constellation of power, the small farmers and landless residents of the Imperial Valley – not to mention the hardpressed federal taxpayers – didn't have much of a chance. The California AFL-CIO, the National Farmers Union and a few other organizations urged appeal of the district court decision, but these are not the voices Nixon listens to. When it became apparent that the Administration would permit the lower court judgment to stand, 123 landless persons in the Valley, mostly Mexican-American farmworkers, sought to carry on the appeal themselves. The same judge who originally ruled in favor of the landowners turned them down on the grounds that because they were too poor to own land, they had no interest in the case. Finally, the 60-day period for filing an appeal expired.

Who in the Administration made the decision to preserve the Imperial Valley bubble, and why? Interior Department Solicitor Mitchell Melich says his department – with the approval of Secretary Rogers Morton – recommended that no appeal be taken because "we agree with the Wilbur letter." Anyway, the Wilbur letter had been sanctified by 30 years of administrative practice; it was unfair for Udall to change the ground rules so late in the game, even if the ground rules were illegal (which Melich insisted they were not). Over in the Justice Department, which apparently made the final decision not to appeal, officials have been more evasive. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold took responsibility for the decision, but refused to talk to the press about it. Other Justice Department lawyers involved in the case also refused to talk; they referred all inquiries to a public information spokesman, who of course had nothing to say.

The Administration's action – or rather conscious inaction – means that subsidized water, subsidized labor and subsidized crops in the Imperial Valley will continue to be monopolized by a few wealthy landowners. Moreover, the market value of their land will rise now that the threat of acreage limitation has been lifted, and small farmers, who have a hard enough time keeping up with the leviathans, will be squeezed even more. Had the growers been required to sell their land in excess of 160 acres at pre-water prices, the appreciation brought about by federal expenditures might have accrued to some of the less affluent residents of the Valley, and to the public itself.

Nixon's inaction will also cause million-dollar ripples outside the Imperial Valley. The San Diego decision against the 160-acre limitation now stands as a legal precedent; growers and speculators in other reclamation areas will use it to protect what they've already accumulated and to get their hands on larger holdings

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of both land and water. The Irvine Land Company, for example, which holds 10,000 acres in the Imperial Valley, owns 130 square miles in Orange County, an area that also relies on imported Colorado river water. Enforcement of the 160-acre limitation or the residency requirement would instantly wipe out the speculative gains of the Irvine Company, the Southern Pacific Railroad, Standard Oil of California, Tenneco and dozens of other giant landholders in the West. The Justice Department says that its decision not to pursue the Imperial Valley appeal has no bearing on these other vast holdings. Clearly, though, it does. It means that none of these enormous land profiteers need worry as long as Richard Nixon is in the White House.

Peter Barnes

The Meaning of Calley

Offended by the "unfairness" of the Calley verdict, my colleague and deputy dean of the Yale Law School, Burke Marshall, argues in *The New York Times* of April 10 that we end the war immediately in order to make the nation accountable for Lt. Calley's crime. By putting an end to years of indiscriminate killing in "free fire" zones, relentless barrages from offshore batteries, air bombardments of enemy hospitals, the total destruction of villages "to save them," and the making of millions of homeless, familyless, friendless, jobless and helpless refugees – we are told that we can "expiate" our guilt as a nation. Pulling out of Indochina is to serve as a collective "act of national accountability," exonerating all those more directly responsible for the actual conduct of the war than we as individual private citizens could ever possibly be.

I disagree. Many Americans who have sought an end to the war, as well as many who endorsed it, who were silent, or who did not know their minds, are not willing and ought not to be asked to assume guilt for Calley's crime or for the possible crimes of any other unfortunate soldier, including the generals. Our need is not for expiation, but for greater assurance that if future wars must be fought, there be some expectation that each participant will abide by minimum standards of conduct which a law of crimes is designed to maintain. It is the function of law to be a part of every man's reality.

Nuremberg has not, as Marshall asserts, failed as an experiment because the United States has engaged in the war in Vietnam, or because its agents have violated the military code, the Geneva convention or the common law of crime. Criminal law fails not when it is challenged by deviance but when it does not respond to deviance. The failure of Nuremberg will be established, at least for the time being, only if we consciously decide to relieve of liability those who violated the laws of war, only if we excuse those who should be held accountable for their criminal activity by so magnanimous an act of expiation as ending our part in that war. If anything, Nuremberg has begun to be vindicated. With the Calley verdict, and there are other less publicized cases, it has begun to come alive; it must be nourished, not stifled by compassion for Calley and a futile sense of collective guilt.

"For those that believe in the Nuremberg path" . . . Marshall asserts, "that would seem inevitably to lead to further trials, of generals and political leaders and military bureaucrats, as well as lieutenants and colonels. But I think that path is unwise as well as politically impossible." He may be right to say it is politically impossible, and his argument, were it accepted, would go a long way toward making it so. But he is wrong to say that it is unwise. Wisdom dictates, as it seldom does, that we establish with clarity, firmness and justice, for now and for all time, the crimes that have been committed and the identity of those most directly responsible. It is no act of national accountability to declare that our generals, political leaders and military bureaucrats are beyond the reach of the law. In fairness to Calley, and more important, in fairness to our soldiers of the future – we must assure them that they will be protected in exercising their judgment in refusing to respond to orders which might violate the laws of war. And those who favor the draft as opposed to a volunteer army in part to assure the presence of thinking, challenging and autonomous men in our armed service must concur. All must know by the holding of such trials that the Nuremberg and Calley judgments will be enforced, that each individual will be held accountable to law – whether victor or vanquished. Were the consequences of such a commitment to the rule of law to make more difficult the decision to wage war, that would be a logical and much-to-be-desired result of holding such trials and not a reason for relieving all but Calley of criminal liability.

Compassion for an unfortunate, pitiable man who is, as are most criminals, offender and victim at the same time, ought not revive the fallacious idea of collective liability as a shield against all individual responsibility, an idea which Justice Jackson exposed in his opening speech at the Nuremberg trial of the major war criminals. "The [UN] Charter recognizes that one who has committed criminal acts may not take refuge in superior orders nor in the doctrine that his crimes were acts of State. These twin principles, working together, have therefore resulted in immunity for practically everyone concerned in the really great crimes against peace and mankind. Those in lower ranks were protected against liability by the orders of their superiors. The superiors were protected because

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their orders were called acts of State. Under the Charter, no defense based on either of these doctrines can be entertained. Modern civilization puts unlimited weapons of destruction in the hands of men. It cannot tolerate so vast an area of legal irresponsibility."

Rather than praise the President for his intemperate intervention in the Calley proceedings, rather than recommend that he mitigate the sanction imposed, we should urge the President to vigorously investigate, with a zeal equal to that we gave to the preparation of the war crime trials in World War II, the orders, policies and actions of officials, high and low, civil and military which in any way may have constituted violations of the laws of war. He must be urged to convene, as he may, courts-martial in all cases where the evidence would justify the action, and, in those cases where such action cannot be taken, to convene courts of inquiry under Article 135 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice with a request for recommendations as well as findings of fact. We must place on the record in an orderly and judicial process the account of these crimes, so that they may not be forgotten, so that they may be available as illustrations of what is intolerable even if we continue to tolerate some wars, and so that they may relieve of liability and taint those who are unjustly tarnished with guilt by association through their service, however honorable it may have been, in Vietnam. These proceedings should be pursued with the same care and purpose with which Telford Taylor prosecuted the German doctors of infamy for their war crimes and their crimes against humanity. What he said in his opening statement we, our children and the people of the world must be able to say of what follows in the wake of the Calley debate – and what must accompany, hopefully, our immediate withdrawal from Indochina: ". . . It is owed, not only to the victims, that just punishment be imposed on the guilty, but also to the defendants that they be accorded a fair hearing and decision . . . [I]t is far more important that these incredible events be established by clear and public proof, so that no one can ever doubt that they were fact and not fable; and that this Court, as the agent of the United States and as the voice of humanity, stamp these acts, and the ideas which engendered them, as barbarous and criminal."

When we have thus assumed our national obligation it may be time to declare that we have held ourselves as a nation accountable. Only then will there be an opportunity to consider whether any participants were so misled by established custom and practice, from the highest to lowest echelons in our armed services, that the imposition of sanctions ought to be mitigated as to them and in effect given prospective force. Once we have demonstrated that we are subject to Nuremberg, then with integrity we can urge upon the United Nations and all in the international community to apply similar standards to the conduct of those who acted on behalf of Hanoi and Saigon. Unlike a bad legal case, a bad war may make good law. Let us not destroy that hope, that possibility, by misreading the Calley verdict outside the light of Nuremberg.

Joseph Goldstein

JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN *is Hamilton Professor of Law Science and Social Policy at the Yale Law School.*

Portrait of a Protester

Of all the demonstrators trying to unplug the stuffed ears of our war leaders this spring, none presented stronger arguments than the ragtag and bobtail battalions of young men in half-uniforms carrying toy M-16s who came to Washington in April. Their patriotism could not be denied; their ribbons on old fatigues denoting bravery under fire could not be ridiculed. On Armed Forces Day, May 15, these veterans and some from other wars will join antiwar GIs in peace demonstrations at or as close as they can get to military bases. The effect on men in uniform – some of whom will be heading for Vietnam as replacements for the "withdrawal" program – can be devastating to morale and discipline and, in a larger way, to Nixon's efforts to bury the war as an issue.

Among those on the march is Jan B. Crumb, Class of '68, United States Military Academy (Resigned), who is one of the founders of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He is 28, has a neat beard and moustache, and had some medals, too, until he deposited them on the steps of the Capitol.

He was born in the Finger Lakes region in upstate New York, was brought up in Interlaken, a town of 750, and his father is a car salesman there. Jan tried to get an appointment to West Point after high school, could not, went to Forestry College at Syracuse University, dropped out after a year, enlisted as an Army private in 1962 and went to South Vietnam with the 18th Aviation Company as an infantry radioman. He was responsible for maintaining the radios of eighteen aircraft all over South Vietnam and in parts of Thailand. These planes were supporting the special forces acting as "advisers" to the Saigon Government. They airdropped Americans into Cambodia and Laos as early as 1963 on illegal operations.

"We started the first free-fire zones, the first defoliation, we laid the groundwork for Mylai," he says. "When I first got there most of the people really liked us. And then we began to provoke the peasants. Every Vietnamese had some sort of weapon to protect himself and his village. We buzzed them with choppers and propeller planes. And then we shot at them when they ran. In three or four months, I saw like turn to

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hatred. And I began to think about it a little more. After ten months there I received an Army commendation medal. It was the only one they gave because the myth had to be kept up that we were not in combat and shooting. Every one of our planes was hit, but we did not get combat pay. My appointment to West Point came through and I was sent to a preparatory school at Fort Belvoir. It was the first combat appointment of an enlisted man since the Korean war."

The Gulf of Tonkin incident and the resolution pushed through by President Johnson in the heat of the 1964 campaign did not ring true to the West Point cadet. He submitted his resignation, had to serve out his enlistment back in the ranks, and was given a hard time before leaving the Army in 1965.

He tried to educate himself in the background of what he had lived through. Reading Bernard Fall's books was a revelation. For a year and a half, he worked in the library of the Bergen *Record*, then put in another year and a half cataloguing books at the New York Public Library.

In 1967, he marched from the Sheep Meadow in Central Park to the United Nations enclave. He was surprised to see so many older people, men and women, in the lines of protest. He and a handful of young men printed their own sign saying they were Vietnam veterans opposed to the war. In 1968 he went to New Hampshire to support Eugene McCarthy's campaign. By the middle of 1970, he was juggling two jobs – trying to make a living as a carpenter and home repairman in Brooklyn, where he lives, and helping to run a small office on Lower Fifth Avenue of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. For the past half-year he has given most of his time to the antiwar organization, from which he receives a stipend of $50 a week.

Vietnam Veterans Against the War has grown to 10,000 members, with branches in fifteen cities. Following a free ad in *Playboy* and several other ads in the newspapers, more than a thousand soldiers, sailors and airmen in Southeast Asia sent in $5 dues. Men in uniform in a war zone belonging to a peace organization defying their superiors is unprecedented.

Some of the antiwar activists have been hassled by local police and old-line Legionnaires. Parking tickets have been put on cars known to belong to veterans displaying antiwar stickers. In several branches raids have been attempted on files. But it was plain last week that a growing number of senators and congressmen are on their side. The Vietnam Veterans Against the War has presented a list of demands to Congress: "immediate, unconditional and unilateral" withdrawal of all American military and intelligence forces from Indochina; a formal inquiry into alleged war crimes; amnesty for all Americans who have refused to serve; improved veterans benefits, including vocational training and psychological rehabilitation.

The veterans believe that the Nixon administration is on the defensive in dealing with the veterans, and that they can help to turn the country around.

Herbert Mitgang

MR. MITGANG *is a member of the editorial board of* The New York Times.

Where Are the Leaders of Our Country?

by John Forbes Kerry

The words that follow were spoken April 22 by 27-year-old former Navy lieutenant Kerry, representing Vietnam Veterans for Peace, before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. A substantial part of his statement is printed below, and it is followed by excerpts from his interchange with the senators.

In 1970 at West Point Vice President Agnew said "some glamorize the criminal misfits of society while our best men die in Asian rice paddies to preserve the freedom which most of those misfits abuse," and this was used as a rallying point for our effort in Vietnam. But for us, as boys in Asia whom the country was supposed to support, his statement is a terrible distortion from which we can only draw a very deep sense of revulsion, and hence the anger of some of the men who are here in Washington today. It is a distortion because we in no way consider ourselves the best men of this country; because those he calls misfits were standing up for us in a way that nobody else in this country dared to; because so many who have died would have returned to this country to join the misfits in their efforts to ask for an immediate withdrawal

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from South Vietnam; because so many of those best men have returned as quadruplegics and amputees – and they lie forgotten in Veterans Administration hospitals in this country which fly the flag which so many have chosen as their own personal symbol – and we cannot consider ourselves America's best men when we are ashamed of and hated for what we were called on to do in Southeast Asia.

In our opinion, and from our experience, there is nothing in South Vietnam which could happen that realistically threatens the United States of America. And to attempt to justify the loss of one American life in Vietnam, Cambodia or Laos by linking such loss to the preservation of freedom, which those misfits supposedly abuse, is to us the height of criminal hypocrisy.

We are probably angriest about all that we were told about Vietnam and about the mystical war against communism. We found that not only was it a civil war, an effort by a people who had for years been seeking their liberation from any colonial influence whatsoever, but also we found that the Vietnamese whom we had enthusiastically molded after our own image were hard put to take up the fight against the threat we were supposedly saving them from. We found most people didn't even know the difference between communism and democracy. They only wanted to work in rice paddies without helicopters strafing them and bombs with napalm burning their villages and tearing their country apart. . . . They practiced the art of survival by siding with whichever military force was present at a particular time, be it Vietcong, North Vietnamese or American.

We found that all too often American men were dying in those rice paddies for want of support from their allies. We saw firsthand how monies from American taxes were used for a corrupt dictatorial regime. We saw that many people in this country had a one-sided idea of who was kept free by our flag, and blacks provided the highest percentage of casualties. We saw Vietnam ravaged equally by American bombs and search-and-destroy missions, as well as by Vietcong terrorism, and yet we listened while this country tried to blame all of the havoc on the Vietcong. We rationalized destroying villages in order to save them. We saw America lose her sense of morality as she accepted very coolly a Mylai and refused to give up the image of American soldiers who hand out chocolate bars and chewing gum. We learned the meaning of free-fire zones, shooting anything that moves, and we watched while America placed a cheapness on the lives of Orientals.

We watched the United States' falsification of body counts, in fact the glorification of body counts. We listened while month after month we were told the back of the enemy was about to break. We fought [with] weapons against those people which I do not believe this country would dream of using were we fighting in the European theater. We watched while men charged up hills because a general said that hill has to be taken, and after losing one platoon or two platoons, they marched away to leave the hill for reoccupation by the North Vietnamese. We watched pride allow the most unimportant battles to be blown into extravaganzas, because we couldn't lose, and we couldn't retreat, and because it didn't matter how many American bodies were lost to prove that point, and so there were Hamburger Hills and Khesahns and Hill 81s and Fire Base 6s, and so many others.

And now we are told that the men who fought there must watch quietly while American lives are lost so that we can exercise the incredible arrogance of Vietnamizing the Vietnamese. Each day to facilitate the process by which the United States washes her hands of Vietnam someone has to give up his life so that the United States doesn't have to admit something that the entire world already knows, so that we can't say that we have made a mistake. Someone has to die so that President Nixon won't be, and these are his words, "the first President to lose a war."

We are asking Americans to think about that because how do you ask a man to be the last man to die in Vietnam? How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake? But we are trying to do that, and we are doing it with thousands of rationalizations, and if you read carefully the President's last speech to the people of this country, you can see that he says, and says clearly, "but the issue, gentlemen, the issue is communism, and the question is whether or not we will leave that country to the Communists or whether or not we will try to give it hope to be a free people." But the point is they are not a free people, and we cannot fight communism all over the world. I think we should have learned that lesson by now.

Suddenly we are faced with a very sickening situation in this country, because there is no moral indignation and, if there is, it comes from people who are almost exhausted by their past indignations. . . . The country seems to have lain down and shrugged off something as serious as Laos, just as we calmly shrugged off the loss of 700,000 lives in Pakistan, the so-called greatest disaster of all times. But we are here as veterans to say we think we are in the midst of the greatest disaster of all times now, because they are still dying over there – not just Americans, but Vietnamese – and we are rationalizing leaving that country so that those people can go on killing each other for years to come.

Americans seem to have accepted the idea that the war is winding down, at least for Americans, and they have also allowed the bodies which were once used by a President for statistics to prove that we were winning that war, to be used as evidence against a

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man who followed orders and who interpreted those orders no differently than hundreds of other men in Vietnam.

We veterans can only look with amazement on the fact that this country has been unable to see there is absolutely no difference between ground troops and a helicopter crew, and yet people have accepted a differentiation fed them by the Administration. No ground troops are in Laos, so it is all right to kill Laotians by remote control. But believe me the helicopter crews fill the same body bags and they wreak the same kind of damage on the Vietnamese and Laotian countryside as anybody else, and the President is talking about allowing that to go on for many years to come. One can only ask if we will really be satisfied only when the troops march into Hanoi.

We are asking here in Washington for some action, action from the Congress of the United States of America, which has the power to raise and maintain armies, and which by the Constitution also has the power to declare war. We have come here, not to the President, because we believe that this body can be responsive to the will of the people, and we believe that the will of the people says that we should be out of Vietnam now.

We are here in Washington also to say that the problem of this war is not just a question of war and diplomacy. It is part and parcel of everything that we are trying as human beings to communicate to people in this country – the question of racism, which is rampant in the military, and so many other questions such as the use of weapons; the hypocrisy in our taking umbrage in the Geneva Conventions and using that as justification for a continuation of this war when we are more guilty than any other body of violations of those Geneva Conventions; in the use of free-fire zones, harassment interdiction fire, search and destroy missions, the bombings, the torture of prisoners, the killing of prisoners, all accepted policy by many units in South Vietnam. That is what we are trying to say. We are also here to ask, and we are here to ask vehemently, where are the leaders of our country? Where is the leadership? We are here to ask where are McNamara, Rostow, Bundy, Gilpatric and so many others? Where are they now that we, the men whom they sent off to war, have returned? These are commanders who have deserted their troops, and there is no more serious crime in the law of war. The Army says they never leave their wounded. The Marines say they never leave even their dead. These men have left all the casualties and retreated behind a pious shield of public rectitude. They have left the real stuff of their reputations bleaching behind them in the sun.

Finally, this administration has done us the ultimate dishonor. They have attempted to disown us and the sacrifices we made for this country. In their blindness and fear they have tried to deny that we are veterans or that we served in Nam. We do not need their testimony. Our own scars and stumps of limbs are witness enough for others and for ourselves.

We wish that a merciful God could wipe away our own memories of that service as easily as this administration has wiped away their memories of us. But all that they have done and all that they can do by this denial is to make more clear than ever our own determination to undertake one last mission – to search out and destroy the last vestige of this barbaric war, to pacify our own hearts, to conquer the hate and the fear that have driven this country these last ten years and more, so when 30 years from now our brothers go down the street without a leg, without an arm, or a face, and small boys ask why, we will be able to say "Vietnam" and not mean a desert, not a filthy obscene memory, but mean instead the place where America finally turned and where soldiers like us helped it in the turning.

Senator Aiken. Mr. Kerry, the Defense Department seems to feel that if we set a definite date for withdrawal when our forces got down to a certain level they would be seriously in danger by the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong. Do you believe that the North Vietnamese would undertake to prevent our withdrawal from the country and attack the remaining troops that remain there?

Mr. Kerry. I believe we are running that danger with the present course of withdrawal because the President has neglected to state to this country exactly what his response will be when we have reached the point that we do have, let us say, 50,000 support troops in Vietnam.

Senator Aiken. Do you believe the North Vietnamese would undertake to impede our complete withdrawal?

Mr. Kerry. No, I do not believe that the North Vietnamese would, and it has been clearly indicated at the Paris peace talks they would not.

Senator Aiken. Do you think they might help carry the bags for us?

Mr. Kerry. I would say they would be more prone to do that than the Army of the South Vietnamese.

Senator Aiken. What I would like to know now is if we, as we complete our withdrawal and, say, get down to 10,000, 20,000, 30,000 or even 50,000 troops there, would there be any effort on the part of the South Vietnamese government, in your opinion, to impede, or the South Vietnamese army to impede, their withdrawal?

Mr. Kerry. . . . When we in fact state, let us say, that we will have a ceasefire or have a coalition government, most of the 2 million men you often hear quoted under arms, most of whom are regional popular reconnaissance forces, which is to say militia, and a very poor militia at that, will simply lay down their arms, if they haven't done so already, and not fight, and I think you will find they will respond to whatever government evolves which answers their needs, and those needs quite simply are to be fed, to bury their dead in plots where their ancestors lived, to be allowed to extend their culture, to try and exist as human

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beings, and I think that is what will happen.

Senator Aiken. Do you think we are under obligation to furnish them with extensive economic assistance?

Mr. Kerry. Yes, sir. I think we have a very definite obligation to make extensive reparations to the people of Indochina.

Senator Pell. In connection with Lieutenant Calley, which is a very emotional issue in this country. . . . Wouldn't you agree with me that what he did in herding 20 men, old men, women and children into a trench and then shooting them was a little bit beyond the perimeter of what even has been going on in this war and that that action should be discouraged?

Mr. Kerry. My feeling, Senator, on Lieutenant Calley is what he did quite obviously was a horrible, horrible, horrible thing and I have no bone to pick with the fact that he was prosecuted. But I think that in this question you have to separate guilt from responsibility, and I think clearly the responsibility for what has happened there lies elsewhere. I think it lies with the men who designed free-fire zones, I think it lies with the men who encouraged body counts, I think it lies in large part with this country, which allows a young child before he reaches the age of 14 to see 12,500 deaths on television, which glorifies the John Wayne syndrome, which puts out fighting-man comic books on the stands, which allows us in training to do calisthenics to four counts, on the fourth count of which we stand up and shout "kill" in unison, which has posters in barracks in this country with a crucified Vietnamese, blood on him, and underneath it says "kill the gook," and I think that clearly the responsibility for all of this is what has produced this horrible aberration. Now, I think if you are going to try Lieutenant Calley then you must at the same time, if this country is going to demand respect for the law, you must at the same time try all those other people who have responsibility. . . .

Senator Symington. Mr. Kerry, from your experience in Vietnam do you think it is possible for the President or Congress to get accurate and undistorted information through official military channels?

Mr. Kerry. Senator, I had direct experience with that, and I can recall often sending in the spot reports which we made after each mission, and including the GDA, Gunfire Damage Assessments, in which we would say maybe 15 sampans sunk or whatever it was, and I often read about my own missions in the *Stars and Stripes* and the very mission we had been on had been doubled in figures and tripled in figures. I think men in the military, sir, have a tendency, as do men in many other things, a tendency to report what they want to report and see what they want to see. . . . Secretary Laird came to Vietnam once and they staged an entire invasion for him. When the initial force at Dangtam, it was the 9th Infantry when it was still there, and when the initial recon platoon went out and met with resistance they changed the entire operation the night before and sent them down into the South China Seas so they would not run into resistance and the secretary would have a chance to see how smoothly the war was going.

I know General Wheeler came over at one point and a major in Saigon escorted him around, and General Wheeler went out to the field and saw 12 pacification leaders and asked about ten of them how things were going and they all said "it is really going pretty badly," and the 11th one said "it couldn't be better, General, we are really doing the thing here to win the war," and the General said, "I am finally glad to find somebody who knows what he is talking about."

Senator Symington. There has been considerable criticism of the reporting of the press and news media. What are your thoughts on that?

Mr. Kerry. I think the press has been extremely negligent in reporting. . . . They have not been able to report because the government of this country has not allowed them to. I went to Saigon to try to report, we were running missions in the Mekong Delta, we were running raids through these rivers on an operation called Sealord and we thought it was absurd. We didn't have helicopter cover often, we seldom had jet aircraft cover, we were out of artillery range, we would go in with two quarter-inch aluminum hull boats and get shot at and never secure territory or anything except, to quote Admiral Zumwalt, to show the American flag and prove to the Vietcong they don't own the rivers. We found they did own them with 60 percent casualties and we thought this was absurd.

I went to Saigon and told this to a member of the news bureau there and I said, "Look, you have got to tell the American people this story." The response was "well, I can't write that kind of thing. I can't criticize that much because if I do I would lose my accreditation, and we have to be very careful about just how much we say and when."

"Even in the new army we stick with the old salute, lieutenant.

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Sam Ervin and The Privacy Invaders

by James K. Batten

If anyone had suggested a few years ago that Sam J. Ervin Jr. of North Carolina would be remembered as one of the Senate's most effective modern-day guardians of civil liberties, the very idea would have been hooted down. Except, of course, by white Southern segregationists, who were mighty impressed with the way Ervin was standing up for *their* notions of liberty.

In those days, Ervin's national reputation, to the extent that he had one, was as a tenacious battler against civil rights bills. Behind a desk piled high with lawbooks, he would spend hours on the Senate floor inveighing against the wickedness of guaranteeing Negroes in the South the right to vote or buy a hamburger. Unlike the Eastlands and the Thurmonds, Ervin always couched his elaborate arguments in terms of constitutional law, not white supremacy. But those who noticed the difference – not many did – usually assumed that Ervin's racism was simply less blatant.

Today, as chairman of the Senate subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, Ervin has emerged as the nation's best-known defender of the citizen's right to be let alone.

It's an opportune time for somebody to play that role. The late 1960s and early 1970s have witnessed the most insidious proliferation of government snooping and spying on ordinary Americans in the history of the republic. Ervin and his subcommittee have helped ventilate that scandal, most recently through a series of hearings that focused on the Army's surveillance of civilians – or "persons of interest," in the military's Kafkaesque phrase. Over the past five years, the Ervin subcommittee was told, more than 1500 plainclothes Army agents were spying on all sorts of civilian political activity. Military spooks were on the floors of the Republican and Democratic national conventions in 1968, in the tents of Resurrection City, in black studies classes at New York University, on buses and trains bringing demonstrators to march on the Pentagon. Information on the political beliefs and activities of millions of Americans was fed into a computerized data bank at Baltimore's Fort Holabird, headquarters of the Army Intelligence Command, and into other military computers and secret files around the country.

James K. Batten *writes for the* Detroit Free Press.

Ervin, a 74-year-old conservative Democrat from the mountains of North Carolina, is indignant about these revelations: "This has all the trappings of a police state in its worst form. We are in an era where fundamental liberties are very much imperiled." The Pentagon insists that all improper domestic spying has ceased, but Ervin is not so sure. He certainly is not willing to rely on "self-discipline on the part of the executive branch" – the remedy urged on the subcommittee by Assistant Attorney General William H. Rehnquist – as sufficient safeguard against future abuses by military or civilian snoopers.

If Washington's and the nation's perceptions of Sam Ervin have changed dramatically, the man himself has changed very little.

He arrived in the Senate in 1954 after a long career in North Carolina as a prominent lawyer and judge and immediately became embroiled in two benchmark controversies. One was school desegregation. The month before Ervin was appointed to succeed the late Clyde R. Hoey, the Supreme Court had handed down the *Brown* decision. Ervin, fresh from the bench of his state's supreme court, promptly became the intellectual leader of the Southern bloc's resistance to that decision in the Senate. The other was the censure of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Then-Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson put Ervin on the Senate's select committee appointed to deal with McCarthy, and the more he learned first-hand about the tactics of the senator from Wisconsin, the greater his revulsion. Ervin became a strong proponent of censure, declaring in a memorable floor speech: "The issue before the American people is simply this: does the Senate of the United States have enough manhood to stand up to Senator McCarthy?"

In the years that followed, however, Ervin the Claghornian segregationist with the constitutional flourishes drew most attention. Ervin, the man of deeply rooted libertarian instincts, went generally unnoticed. But in 1961, Ervin succeeded the late Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri as chairman of the Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. Soon he was poking around in a variety of dusty corners, asking questions about the rights of Indians, the mentally ill, indigent criminal defendants and enlisted men caught up in the toils of justice, military style. Then in

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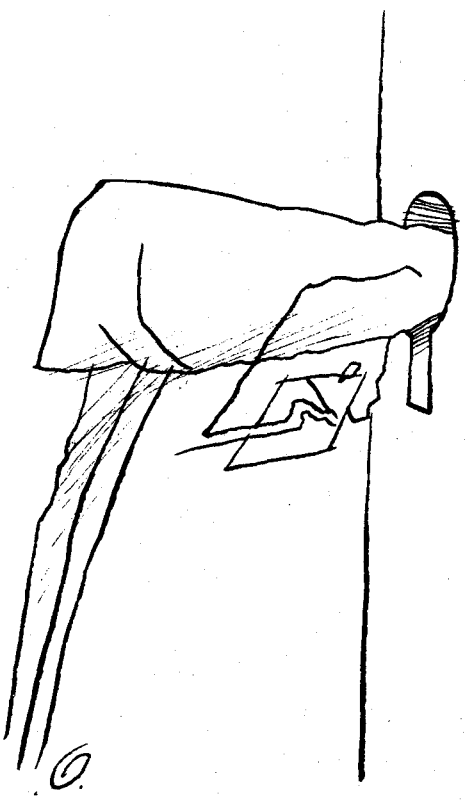
the mid-1960s, the subcommittee began to probe the petty (and sometimes not so petty) indignities endured by federal employes.

Why, Ervin wanted to know, was the Post Office Department installing secret peepholes in employe washrooms? Why were some federal agencies urging their employes to get involved in community uplift organizations during their off-duty hours? Why were Army privates being strong-armed into buying US Savings Bonds? Was it proper, as part of the Johnson administration's efforts to weed out conflict of interest situations, to require low-level civil servants to report the details of their personal finances to their bosses? At one point, Ervin gleefully seized on the case of Department of Agriculture raisin inspectors, demanding to know why their positions were sufficiently sensitive to require full financial disclosure.

A special Ervin obsession was the use of lie-detector tests in screening federal job applicants, a practice he wanted banned not only in routine agencies but in the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation as well. This horrified the upper echelons of the CIA and FBI, and officials were dispatched to Capitol Hill to plead for exemption from Ervin's bill. At a Judiciary Committee executive session in August, 1967, Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana urged that the security agencies be let off the hook. "Sam," he said, "the Russians find the homosexuals in the CIA and blackmail them." Ervin shot back: "How do the Russians find out they're homosexuals, Birch? Do they give them lie detector tests?" Ervin prevailed, and his pet bill to defend the privacy of federal employes, of which the lie-detector ban was a part, has twice passed the Senate. But on both occasions, the bill died in the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee. A few weeks ago, he introduced it again, this time with 51 Senate co-sponsors.



Last summer, Ervin fought one of his splashiest battles as leader of the Senate opposition to President Nixon's District of Columbia crime bill. The bill, which passed despite Ervin's outrage, authorized no-knock searches and preventive detention of criminal defendants before trial. At one point in the debate, Ervin declared: "To put it in plain English, the House-passed version of the District of Columbia crime bill is as full of unconstitutional provisions, unjust provisions, and unwise provisions as a mangy hound dog is with fleas. . . . It is literally a garbage pail of some of the most repressive, near-sighted, intolerant, unfair and vindictive legislation that the Senate has ever been presented."

A delegation of black students from Howard University in Washington visited Ervin's office to thank him for his efforts, an intriguing little irony in light of Ervin's reputation on civil rights legislation. A black minister caused a brief flurry during the no-knock debate when he urged fellow blacks in the District of Columbia to arm themselves to resist any midnight police raids. Ervin, recalling how police in his hometown of Morganton, NC, used to crash without warrants into private homes searching for moonshine whiskey, later expressed much the same sentiments to a reporter: "If someone were to come to a person's home during the night and attempt to enter by force and violence, and failed to identify himself and his purpose, I think the occupant of that home has a right to resist that entry . . . even to the shedding of life, even to the slaying of the intruder."

How can this fierce civil libertarian be the same man who gutted civil rights bills whenever he got the chance, and weakened those he couldn't gut?

In Ervin's mind, there is no contradiction. "I see my attitudes toward these things as part of the same pattern," he explained. "One condition of freedom is as much absence of regimentation of the individual as possible. The stronger the government is, the less freedom the individual has." That, simply stated, is the key to Ervin's political philosophy: the greatest threat to liberty is posed by the federal government itself, which he believes to have "an unquenchable thirst for power." He can almost always be found among those seeking to limit the power of the central government, whether the issue of the moment is a federal equal employment bill or an authorization for no-knock police raids in the middle of the night.

Conversely, if a threat to individual liberty doesn't come from Washington, Ervin seems unable to get terribly excited about it. He may disapprove, for ex-

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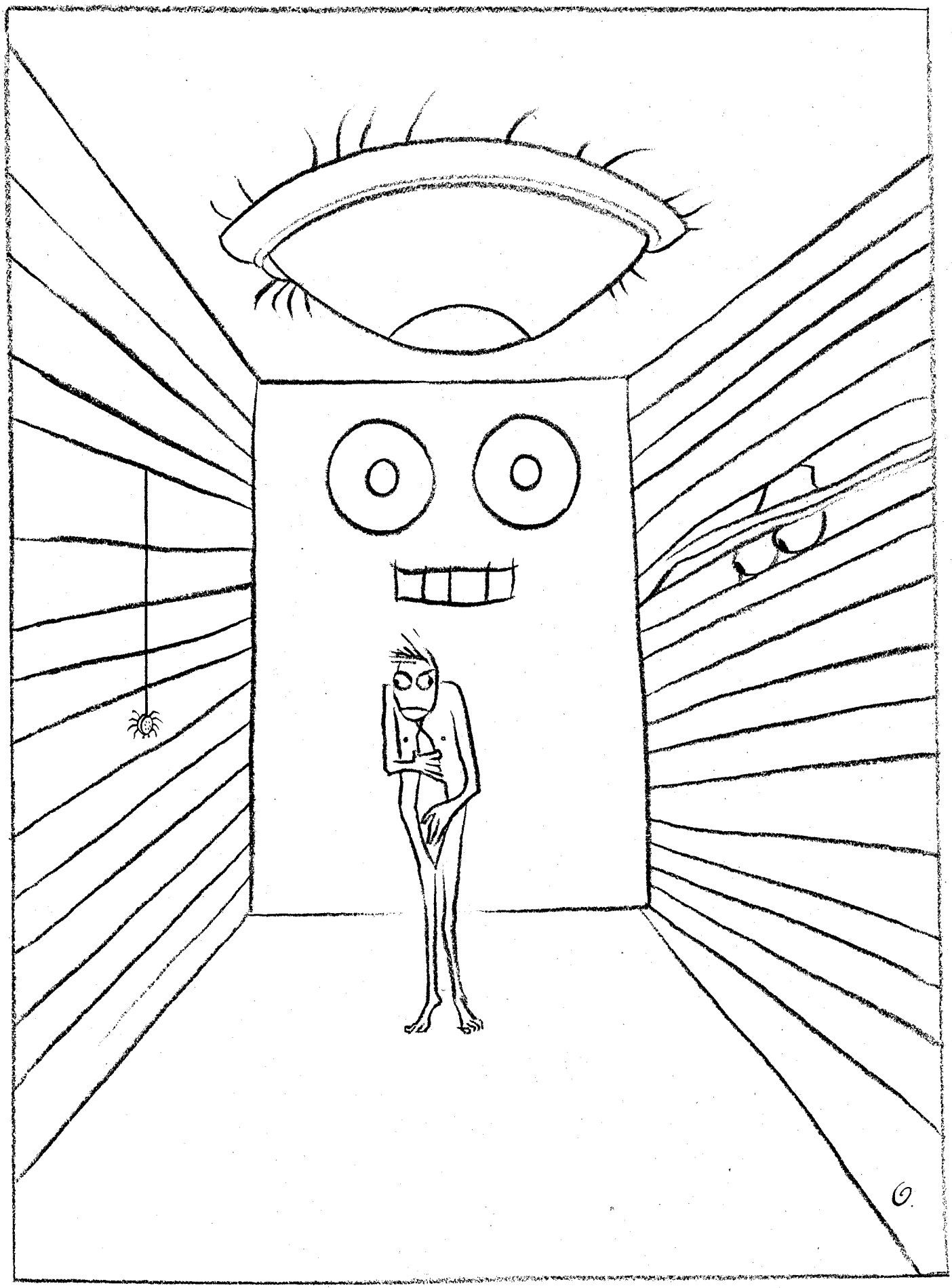

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ample, of the sort of "regimentation of the individual" practiced over the years by the state of Mississippi; he has always insisted that all Americans should have equal protection of the laws. But for all of that, Mississippi's sins against blacks barely jiggle the needle on Ervin's indignation scale. The most charitable explanation is that he has never fully fathomed the enormity of that sort of injustice. Whatever the explanation, Ervin would never agree to deal with Mississippi's abuses of black Americans by granting fresh power to the federal government. In the long run, he would insist, Washington's potential for mischief is vastly greater than Mississippi's.

Ervin's new relevancy, then, can be traced to the shifting winds of national politics. In a period such as the early 1960s, when strong federal initiatives against racial and economic injustice were widely applauded, a man like Sam Ervin, pointing to the Constitution and worrying about the growth of federal power, seemed hopelessly out of touch. Now, of course, in the Senate as in the nation, federal power and especially the power of the Executive Branch, is viewed as less assuredly benevolent than it was a decade ago. So Ervin, saying much the same thing now as then, suddenly commands more attention and respect.

As recent hearings on invasion of privacy proceeded, the senator became increasingly convinced that Lyndon Johnson himself was the man who plunged the Army into spying on civilian politics in the wake of the big-city riots of the mid-1960s. "Lyndon was essentially a go-go man," Ervin says. "I think he was very prone to lay his hands on any instrumentality of government he could utilize to carry out his policies." But the testimony made it clear that once launched, the Army's political surveillance operations took on a life of their own, much of it apparently unknown to the White House or the Pentagon's top civilian leadership in the Johnson and Nixon administrations. Assistant Defense Secretary Robert F. Froehlke told the subcommittee that when the White House first asked for political surveillance, "the military initially was very reluctant to become involved." That remark by Froehlke, whose teestimony was strewn with magnificent understatements, set off this exchange:

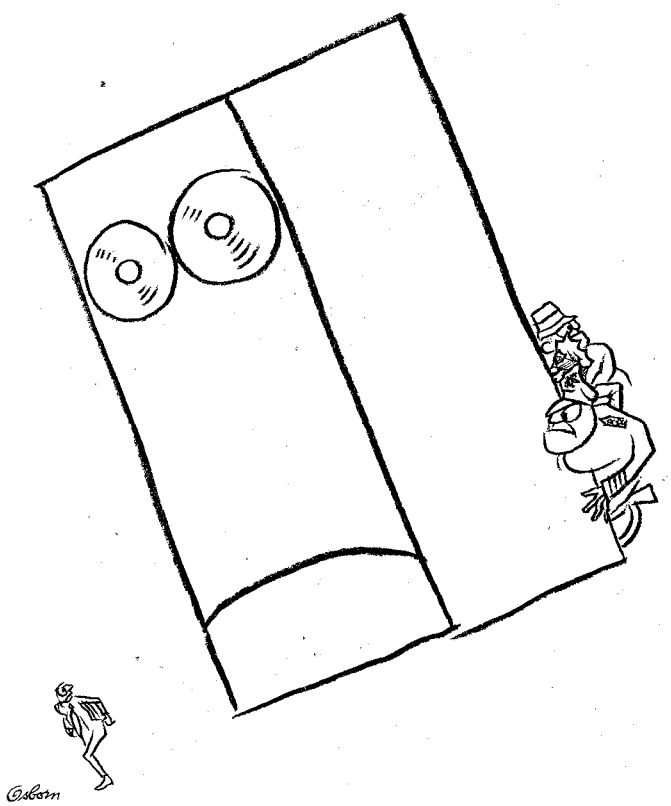
Senator Ervin: But after the Army got into this, it really in some cases got sort of enthusiastic, didn't it? . . .

Mr. Froehlke. Again, subsequently to 1967, it did appear to me that the Army did overcome its reluctance.

The extent to which the Army overcame its reluctance is now well known, thanks primarily to a series of ex-Army intelligence agents who have stepped forward over the last 15 months and talked. The flavor of things was well conveyed by John O'Brien, a former Army agent in the Chicago area who startled Capitol Hill with his disclosures of Army surveillance of Senator Adlai Stevenson 3d and Representative Abner Mikva of Illinois, plus a number of newspaper reporters, civil rights activists and other public figures. O'Brien told the Ervin subcommittee that his superiors' grasp of the nuances of domestic politics was shaky, to say the least. ". . . In the discussions I had with my superior officers, they could not differentiate between the Weathermen faction of the SDS and the American Friends Service Committee. It may sound a little ridiculous, but that was the general atmosphere."

One of the pivotal witnesses at the Ervin hearings was Christopher H. Pyle, a former captain in Army intelligence who first broke the story of the Army's domestic spying in an article published in the *Washington Monthly* in January, 1970. Pyle and Ervin agreed that while the Army had set up what amounted to "the intelligence apparatus of a police state," the intent was not malevolent. "The men who developed these agencies," Pyle testified, "are, by and large, decent and well-intentioned men. However, the fact that we may trust them is no guarantee that the apparatus which they have created will not someday come under the control of others for whom the investigatory power is a weapon to be wielded against political and personal foes."

But throughout the hearings, Ervin emphasized again and again that the *mere existence* of political surveillance by the government, even if the resulting data were never disclosed or misused in any way, could have a chilling effect on a democratic society. "The knowledge of a citizen that he may be under surveil-



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lance makes him very chary about exercising his freedom of speech or assembly, especially if he deviates in his thinking," Ervin insisted. If surveillance should ever be allowed to take root, "you would have a mentally enslaved people. The average man doesn't want to get into conflict with his government. So you would have a docile people, and the last thing we need is a docile people."

Ervin had difficulty, however, getting Administration witnesses to concede that surveillance might dissuade citizens from legitimate political activity. In an exchange with Froehlke and J. Fred Buzhardt, the Defense Department's general counsel, the senator recalled the bizarre rally at Fort Carson, Colorado, where a large slice of the crowd of about 120 persons were later reported to be military agents of various sorts. A swarm of military helicopters presumably carrying photographers hovered overhead.

Senator Ervin. Doesn't [surveillance] have a tendency to deter a person from exercising his constitutional rights to participate?

Mr. Buzhardt. Mr. Chairman, I would not be prepared to say that it did, unless there was some specific evidence that someone was deterred. If it [surveillance] was unknown, the man wouldn't know it, so it could hardly deter his activities.

Senator Ervin. They wouldn't know there were five helicopters flying above them?

Mr. Buzhardt. As I said, I don't know in that particular case precisely.

Senator Ervin. I will be perfectly frank. If I had five helicopters flying over my head and I had gone out to make a speech on a subject, and I was a public servant, I think it would deter my freedom of speech very much for the Army to have five helicopters flying over my head and to have 52 agents there watching me talk to a crowd of people that didn't number more than 70, exclusive of the agents.

Mr. Froehlke. If the facts are as you allege, I think we will all agree at the very minimum it was inappropriate. (Actually, former Army intelligence agent Laurence Lane had told the Ervin subcommittee that the crowd had included 53 agents and newsmen. Later Lane, now on the staff of Rep. Robert N. Giaimo (D, Conn.), estimated in an interview that there were "more than 40" agents present – or about one third of the entire crowd.)

In the wake of Pyle's disclosures and those that followed last year, the Pentagon's civilian managers ordered the military to get out of the business of spying on law-abiding citizens and organizations. How complete and permanent that retreat will be remains to be seen. Jerome B. Weisner, the new president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, summed it up in an appearance before the Ervin subcommittee: "I wonder how you know that you have really exposed the full extent of that surveillance system. The answer is, you don't. I doubt that anyone is aware of the full extent of the surveillance and information collection activities that go on in this country."

Except for the spooks themselves, Sam Ervin is probably more aware of the dimensions of the problem than anyone else in Washington. And he is determined to see not only that the Pentagon keeps its nose out of civilian politics, but also that the government generally becomes far more sensitive to the dangers of computerized data collection, storage and exchange. Ervin concedes that the government must have information on the nation's citizenry, but he doesn't much like the idea. And he is profoundly distrustful of a curious, prying bureaucracy – military or civilian – armed with unforgetting, unforgiving computerized data banks. "It is clear that in our national quest for technological efficiency," he said in a speech in February at Dickinson College, "we may have so hemmed our individual lives with yesterday's errors that we may yet foreclose the chance to start anew in our society."

Ervin and his staff are beginning to grope for the outlines of legislation that might help head off a world that Orwell and Huxley previewed. The law that is necessary, they believe, would restrict the kinds of information the federal government would be permitted to collect on citizens. It would severely limit the right of access to data that are collected, provide for systematic purging of useless or outdated information, and give citizens the right whenever possible to know what data the government has on them and a chance, if desired, to challenge its accuracy.

The complexities of drafting that kind of legislation, getting it through Congress and then getting it enforced effectively are formidable. "Information is the blood of the whole governmental system," says an Ervin staffer. "What we're doing is taking on the whole bureaucracy, with all its inertia and disinclination to do things according to somebody else's rules."

At the moment, Ervin is thinking of trying first for a quick bill forbidding the Defense Department to engage in surveillance of persons who have no connection with the military. Then, perhaps after more hearings and further staff study, he plans to offer a series of reforms to restrict the data collection activities of the government and of private agencies, such as credit and employment bureaus. He also is leaning toward the idea of creating a new federal watchdog agency to combat unwarranted snooping organized along the lines of the General Accounting Office and reporting to Congress, not the Executive Branch.

Ervin concedes that all this would make life more difficult for those in government charged with maintaining the nation's security. But "if you want to have a free society," he is fond of saying, "you have to take some risks."

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The School for *Wives*

(Lyceum)

Follies

(Winter Garden)

I go to Molière reluctantly. Two reasons. First, fascinating as old comedy often is in several ways, it's not often funny. I except most of Shakespeare and some Restoration plays, otherwise I agree with W. H. Auden that "there is hardly a line written before the middle of the eighteenth century which, on reading, can make us laugh aloud." Performance rarely helps matters.

Second, connected with the first, the comedies that still live do so by reason of their language. Translations are never good enough, in comedy. I assume that Molière, for the French-speaking, lives as Shakespeare does for me. In English, stripped of his language, Molière reduces to linear plot, in most cases, with *Commedia* characters and last-minute mechanical resolutions. The clear exceptions are *Don Juan* and *Tartuffe*, whose thematic and character complexity come through in competent translation. Otherwise, with verbal richness gone, the diet is mostly thin.

Richard Wilbur, one of our best poets, has now translated several Molière comedies. French scholars call his work fine. All I hear is his English, and, reasonably deft as the verses are, the translations are just an endless series of rhymed iambic couplets, often with feminine endings, that jingle on and on. I don't have a text of his *School for Wives*, but here's a random sample of Wilbur's *Misanthrope:*

> It's true the man's a most accomplished dunce;
> His gauche behavior charms the eye at once;
> And every time one sees him, on my word,
> His manner's grown a trifle more absurd.

For two and a half hours? Probably the above is a just rendering of the original. Nevertheless it's jejune English prosody – with the strained placement of "on my word" to provide a rhyme. It would be inappropriate to compare these translations with Wilbur's serious poetry; but compare them with his lyrics for the musical version of *Candide* (as I recall them) and hear the difference betweeen a poet writing light verse in his own tongue and a translator gathering up a lot of little packages while trying not to spill any. Wilbur has said that he believes verse is essential in translating these plays. That's because he knows the French so well. I have the bliss of ignorance in the matter, and that bliss is disturbed by Wilbur's tackling this insuperable task. My point is not that he could have done better but precisely that he could not.

Brian Bedford has been hailed for his performance of Arnolphe in the Phoenix production of *The School for Wives*, and in one way he deserves it. With the help of the director Stephen Porter, he has attacked the jigging couplets in an attempt to overcome their greeting-card rhymes – with run-on phrasing, pauses, and comic inflections. Bedford has an enormous role and, vocally, falls just short of success: he never completely "digests" the couplets, but at least he makes a skillful try at it.

Otherwise his performance is more mannerism than style. He looks and behaves (sometimes sounds) like a younger, slimmer Charles Laughton. Someone says something distressing to him, but he must not reveal his distress. He listens deadpan. Count of three. Then a swift toothy grin. Numerous times.

The story of the middle-aged man who has raised a girl in innocence to be his bride is a not very ingenious farce (in English). It's not helped here by a graceless juvenile, David Dukes, and by an ingenue – named Joan van Ark! – who has a Betty Boop voice and is about ten years too old for her part. The setting by James Tilton, with its garden walls that swing open for scenes inside, repeats the idea of the Christian Bérard set that Louis Jouvet brought here in his production of this play in the late forties; but Tilton's set is not nearly as pretty.

What's all this prattle about the lack of community, of shared ethos, in the American theater? In art and experimental theaters, perhaps. In a Broadway musical like *Follies* the sense of community is as solid as it ever could have been in ancient Athens. The night I was there, the audience was *in* the show. (Almost literally. During the tumultuous applause after one number, several cheering men rose to their feet and seemed to yearn to go up there.)

What does the community consist of? In this case, pleasant nostalgia. Regret, and defiance born of regret: the lost chance and well-we-didn't-do-so-badly-after-all. Early in the show a character says, "I don't trust any music under 30." The audience, mostly over 30, chuckled. Later one character asks another whether he would like to be

(Continued on page 37)

Films Worth Seeing

Claire's Knee. Sixteen-year-old Beatrice Romand is superb in Eric Rohmer's quiet, intelligent *pas de quatre* of muted desire. French classicism lives! On film!!

The Confession. Yves Montand's face is the political map of 20th-century Europe in Costa Gavras' ingenious film about the 1952 purge trials in Czechoslovakia.

Buster Keaton Festival. Ten programs. Ten gems. Pester a local theater to book it. Keaton is part of your birthright.

Little Big Man. Dustin Hoffman is better than Arthur Penn's film, but there are humor and bite in this picaresque morality tale of a Western trapper who lives alternately in white and Indian cultures.

Ramparts of Clay. Jean-Louis Bertucelli, young and French, has achieved dignity and grace in this account of a Tunisian village, which uses (mostly) actual villagers.

Wanda. Who cares about poor people these days – in art? Barbara Loden: who wrote and directed and plays the lead in this small, good work about a numbed victim of US coal-field life.

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A Twentieth Century Renaissance Woman

Images and Shadows: Part of a Life by Iris Origo

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch; $8.50)

In this vividly readable book, Iris Origo, who has used her wide learning and perceptive skill in a series of successful biographies, finally takes a look at her own life. One speaks often of a "Renaissance Man," one of many talents and interests, but the term is seldom applied to a woman. Perhaps because it seldom fits. But here its singular appropriateness is observable at once. It would be difficult therefore to find the reader to whom some part of this book would not appeal, covering as it does sixty years on both sides of the Atlantic in the life of a woman who is a talented, successful author, wife, mother, and humanitarian who has been passionately and intelligently busy with the problems of rehabilitation of both lands and people.

The book is wide in area, and wise in her personal philosophic views, in the experience of two world wars, in times of great luxury and times of hard work, in danger, in love, happiness and tragedy, and through it all the story of the development of an important and sensitive literary talent. With wit and honesty, and a brilliant evocative ability, she gives us a view of her international inheritance, and her life in Italy both before and after she adopted that country by her marriage to the Marchese Origo in 1924.

Known as the best writer in English on things Italian, she has written and published books on Leopardi, on Byron's Italian love affair, on the medieval Merchant of Prato, on San Bernardino, the Tuscan saint, and others. In a volume called *Kinds of Love* there are studies of the 19th Century in England. Her moving diary of the last years of World War II (*War in the Val d'Orcia*) when the Nazi bombers reached her farm in Tuscany and with her husband she made a long trek to safety with her own and refugee children from a Home she had established for them, and aided allied soldiers and partisans, has been, up to now, her only personal story.

Her new volume takes its title from Plato's Republic, where man in his "cave of the world" seeking light and knowledge can see only "images and shadows;" but in these selections from the huge panorama of her life, skillfully planned and recounted, she has given us both clear images and the significance of the shadows.

She is Anglo-Irish from her mother, Lady Sybil Cuffe, the daughter of Lord Desart of Desart Court in County Kilkenny, the beautiful house which raiders from Tipperary burnt down in a single night in the "Troubles" of 1922. She is powerfully American from her father, Bayard Cutting of New York, the brilliant scholar of Harvard whose tutor and friend, George Santayana, described him as without question the most intense, many-sided and sane young man he had ever known.

Bayard had been attached to the American Embassy in London where the romance with his future wife had developed, and had studied and planned his own career in the international field. But after battling tuberculosis for several years he died before his daughter was eight years old. Her childhood recollections of her father are poignant and clear to her: how he encouraged her in all activities, to skate, to dance before she was six years old. As she could read by the time she was four, he taught her to memorize, read poems to her, and commented in letters home that she could speak and read English, Italian, and was rapidly becoming a speaker of German. Recognizing her early intellectual capacity for thought and perception, he was firm in his teaching her, among other things, to distinguish between knowing something and half knowing it, a distinction she says she understood and has never since forgotten.

It was sometime after he died that she learned of the legacies he had left her, for "a measure of independence," and in a letter to her mother he wrote, "Let her be free from all this national feeling which makes people so unhappy. Bring her up somewhere where she does not belong, then she can't have it. I'd rather France or Italy than England, so that she can really be cosmopolitan, deep down." Surely this last proviso was lived out, though she carried always a strong link with both sets of grandparents, spending part of her youthful holidays with each.

The portrait of her grandfather, Lord Desart, is clear and memorable. As she grew older he became her natural confidant and advisor – a man of generous balance of taste and opinion. He was always open to the other fellow's point of view. Once he said to her, "But, my dear, one doesn't *hate* people on account of their political opinions." Since then, writes Iris Origo, "I have been acquainted with two generations of Nazis, Fascists, Communists, and their aftermath and I know that such a comment was the product of a more stable, more secure, and

Serengeti Sunset

Miles and miles of giraffes galloping
through slow motion above the pickled bones
of Zinjanthropus, foot after foot of lions'
claws culling savannah, and lolliping,
lolliping, steps the ostrich without stooping
and leopard spots dance on the heat's muscles rippling.

Wrapped in blowsy capes the register of dung,
with tourists peeping at their genitals,
the Masai post like high cranes by their cattle.
They do not change; the sky never changes, hung
as it is with that splendid medallion,
except at sunset when it mingles milk with blood and urine.

ANDREW OERKE

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more self-confident generation."

Her American grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayard Cutting of New York belonged in the era when large fortunes were being made, and the cultural life of the city was continually developing. They lived in a high brownstone house on 72nd Street. Mr. Cutting was a founder of the Metropolitan Opera, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New York Public Library and devoted much thought and financial help to hospitals and other philanthropies. The luxurious country estate on Long Island, "Westbrook," with woods, streams, fields and gardens was a complete paradise for young and old; but luxury and wealth never absorbed the members of this family; they were energetic, civic minded and active. As Iris Origo expressed it, they were "allergic to the taste of the golden spoons in their mouths." Her uncle, Senator Bronson Cutting, epitomized this. She had many happy memories of New York and "Westbrook" and loved her handsome widowed grandmother.

Her life in Italy, after the death of her father, centered in the beautiful Villa Medici designed for Cosimo de Medici by Michelozzo in Fiesole above Florence which her mother bought and redecorated. Her mother had a remarkable gift for awakening a child's imagination, everything she told one or showed one was exciting because it delighted her too. It was in her company that little Iris discovered the two greatest pleasures of her childhood which have endured throughout her life – the pleasures of travel and books. Her mother was an avid traveller, belonging to the great tradition of eighteenth-century English travellers. She was also interested in the literary world and gathered about her members of the literary and artistic English colony in Florence. None of this group was particularly sympathetic to her daughter, who decided later if she ever did remain in Italy it would not be to marry one of those Anglo-Italian devotees.

She was much alone and plunged deeply into her own tastes in reading. Her mother considered that her education could be handled by a succession of governesses – French, German and Italian – to whom she consigned her. When she finally revolted, yearning for a more scholarly education, Bernard Berenson, her father's old friend, arranged that she should work with a famous classical scholar, Professor Silone Monti. In a brief passage, she brings life to her first encounter with him and the quality of their meetings. Starting at once to present her with poetry in languages she did not know – in Latin, in Greek (sometimes through Italian translations), he led her on into the desire to understand, into the great worlds of Homer, Sappho, Virgil. It came to her that "He was trying out on me the Humanist education given in the 15th Century in Mantua to Cecilia Gonzaga and her brothers – one in which Greek and Latin were learned together as living languages."

Monti, of course, made her learn grammar and rules, but he merely required her to wrestle with them alone, much of which she did on the tram journey from Florence to Fiesole. She remembered only once seeing Monti outside of his study, and that was by chance in the little ruined amphitheatre of Luni – the scene of Marius the Epicurean's "White Nights." He recited for her and his companions the famous lines in which Virgil grants to the bees something of the divine essence. It was then that she became aware of poetry as something not disconnected from life, but incorporated in it and realized how profoundly the classical tradition was still rooted in the Mediterranean world – transmitted not only in the cadences of words but in nature itself and in the most familiar objects of daily use.

> As I looked around me, there was nothing in sight that Virgil himself might not have seen: the olive trees and figs and vines, the fat-bellied gourd trailing in the grass, the single clump of lilies beside the farm door, the pungent thyme beneath our feet, the oxen slowly plodding home, the goat (and Virgil too knew that damage wrought by goats is even worse than drought or early frost) even the wooden flails leaning against one of the walls of the amphitheatre, the small curved sickle with which a bare-armed dark-skinned girl was cutting a bundle of grass, and the round bee hives placed, as the poet advised, beside a little channel of running water.

For sometime she had yearned to go to Oxford, to pursue the particular studies she enjoyed and wanted. But her mother, perhaps fearing a slight blue-stocking tendency in her interests in learning, refused to let her go and insisted that she must join in the social formula of her age and "come out." Her descriptions of this period in Rome, London, and New York are graphic, amusing and witty, revealing the trials of a young woman who is shy and completely unused to the combative quality of "society." Looking back, she is inclined to think of the three years devoted to these pursuits as a distinct waste of time. When she met her future husband, Antonio Origo, ten years older, handsome and earnest, their serious friendship began and developed partly from the fact that both had revolted against their upbringing and determined to start anew. Antonio Origo, son of Marchese Clemente Origo, Roman by birth with Russian and Spanish blood, had been trained as a businessman and banker, but scientific agriculture was his genuine interest. They decided to redeem and resettle a large farmland in southern Tuscany. They chose, instead of a smiling fertile tract, an area of land (eventually about 5700 acres) barren, rocky and eroded, and they gave themselves to this Herculean task with the determination and energy of our pioneer ancestors in the western United States. Her particular responsibility was to make the abandoned, waterless farmhouse habitable and make a beginning on what was to become a series of charming gardens. That she worked for years with such dedication to create a unique and beautiful home, La Foce, is another evidence of her Renaissance character.

She began at once to concern herself with the health and welfare of the many tenant families. She started a night school for adults (80 percent illiterate) as well as a school for children. During the war, she established at La Foce a home for refugee children from Turin and Genoa which after the war became a home for orphaned and abandoned children of all nationalities. When she was certain that a child was ready, she found a home for it through the International Social Service. Her children have been placed all over the world. This has been a continuing process for a quarter of a century which has absorbed a large part of her life and emotions.

It is the part of a life devoted to her own writing which adds an important quality to this book. She has little to

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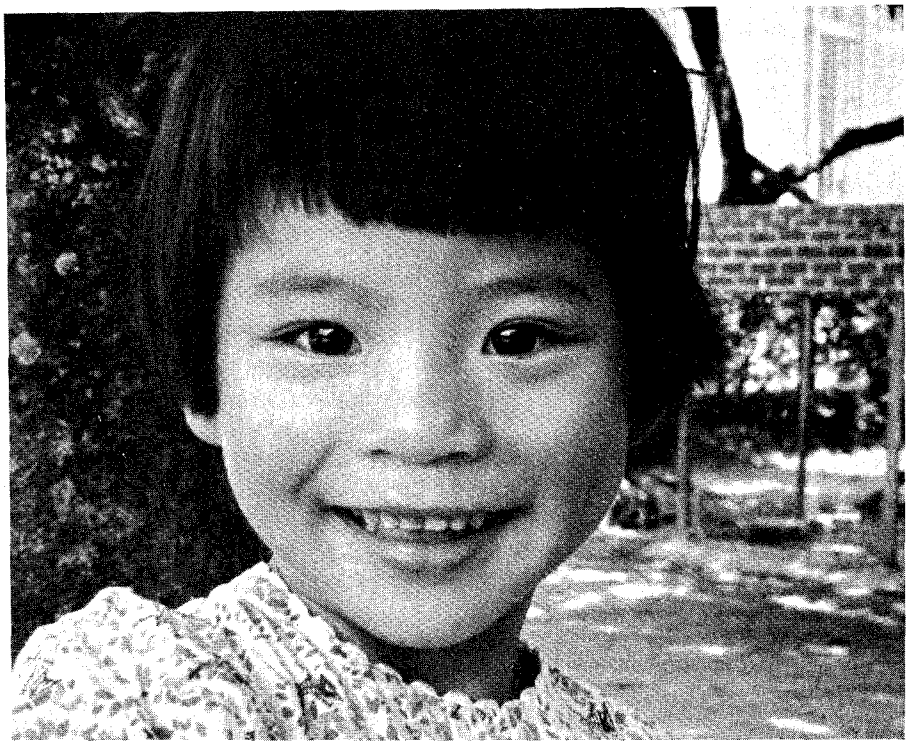
say about her early efforts, though through her girlhood and adolescence she was determined to be a writer. In the first years of her marriage and the birth and childhood of her son, Gianni, she was trying to live a completely different type of life at La Foce, and did not write at all. The death of her little boy at the age of eight, a spiritual catastrophe of profound meaning, returned her to writing to absorb part of her thoughts, and she decided that lives of people interested her more than novels or verse. In one chapter of the book, she skirts the field of some contemporary English talents, dismissing the Lytton Strachey manner as "rather thin" and admiring particularly Virginia Woolf's expression of the central problems of biography. There is a charming picture of her brief visit to Tavistock Square with her manuscript of "Allegra," which had been accepted by the Hogarth Press, when she encountered for the first time that passionately discerning woman. Virginia Woolf asked her, "What does it *feel* like to wake up in the morning on a Tuscan farm?" "I gaped at her quite unable to make an intelligent reply, but she was right. Only by discovering what it *felt like* can we become aware of a character at all."

She carried out this advice in many different circumstances, pondering the cold and dreary days for Leopardi in the castle at Recanati where his despair and disenchantment drew the colors of his poems from his own heart. She learned to understand a new angle of Byron's feeling and relationship to Italy, in love and political intrigue, when she gained access to his correspondence with Teresa Guiccioli. This came about when the aged and very deaf great-nephew of Teresa gave her permission, which he had denied to André Maurois and others, to study, and indeed carry home with her a suitcase full of letters and other mementoes. "I don't know how I persuaded him to change his mind, since it is very difficult to be persuasive and reassuring at the top of one's voice," she concluded.

In the opening paragraph of the book the author says that it is sometimes pointed out to her that she had led a varied and interesting life, has lived in extremely beautiful places and has met some remarkable people. However, the figures that stand out are the



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Katherine Garrison Chapin

Against the Economics Grain

A Contemporary Guide to Economics, Peace and Laughter by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Houghton Mifflin Co.; $7.95)

While the proposition that economics can be fun must remain moot, there is no doubt at all that one singularly gifted economist can be funny. John Kenneth Galbraith is of course more than an economist; he is diplomat, ADA leader, raconteur, a star in the firmament of the Kennedy era, and a liberal of sufficient worldliness to permit snow-plowing down the slopes of Gstaad with William J. Buckley. In *Economics, Peace and Laughter* there are engrossing adumbrations of all this together with observations on various Presidents, Secretaries of State, literary lights, the new left of today, the author's adventures at Berkeley in the thirties, and a central prescription for US foreign policy: stop intervening in the Third World! But the most important part of this collection of essays (written over the past decade and herewith brought up to date or otherwise refurbished) remains in the realm of economics. Galbraith brings us, with fine compression, all of the message and much of the entertainment originally appearing in his classic contributions (*The Affluent Society, The New Industrial State,* and *American Capitalism: The Theory of Countervailing Power*) together with some later thoughts on the underdeveloped countries.

His central thesis is as much a critique of the discipline of economics, as now practiced, as it is of contemporary economic institutions. In effect, he stands conventional economics on its head and finds that the perspective is sensationally improved. Specifically, he challenges the sacrosanct notion of orthodox economists that the consumer is "sovereign" – the ultimate director on matters such as what goods are to be produced, how much, and who gets what. Denying this proposition, he believes, does to conventional economics what denying Euclid's axioms would do to high school geometry.

For in the conventional view the consumer "votes" in the market place with his dollar purchases, industry responds by producing what is demanded, and labor, capital, and natural resources are allocated, mobilized and also rewarded in a pattern that reflects the tastes of the community as democratically expressed. With consumers maximizing their "utility" in this way, and competitive firms maximizing their profits, it is easily demonstrated that the nation's output and welfare will likewise be maximized. The same proposition can also be uneasily demonstrated, with the aid of mathematics, and it usually is. Of course, most good textbooks recognize that the "democracy" of the procedure is limited by the fact that some consumers have more votes (that is, dollars) than others, and that the system's efficiency is impaired by the presence in some sectors of monopoly and oligopoly.

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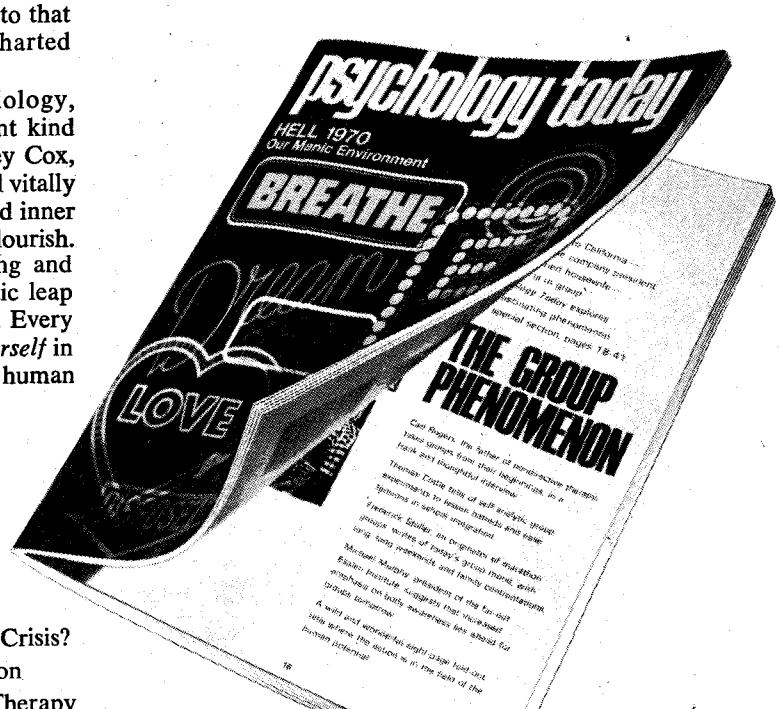

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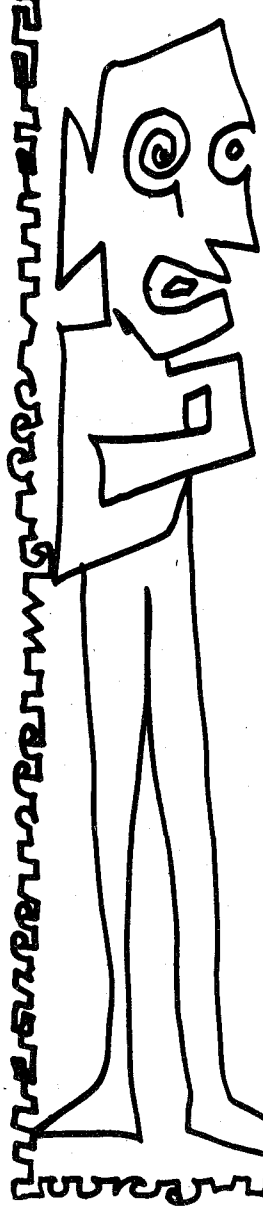
But as Galbraith notes, the textbooks and nearly all economists still contend that the "larger fact is the ultimate accommodation of the economic system to an individual choice (that is, the tastes of consumers) that is original and innate. That accommodation is inhibited and diverted and modified (by monopoly, advertising, 'externalities,' and such) but only as the brush along the banks and the rocks along the bottom inhibit and divert and modify the flow of a stream." The nation's economy is a good, though slightly imperfect, replica of what consumers want it to be.

It is this particular model that Galbraith turns headside down. Instead of the consumer, he contends that the producer is sovereign, wielding his power through the highly developed art of advertising and public relations, and systematically shaping the tastes of consumers and the decisions of public bodies to conform to the image most amicable to the growth and profit potential of the corporate "technostructure." And so we are persuaded by monopolistic industry to require in ever greater quantities the very goods that modern technology is best equipped to produce. Government is induced to expedite the process in providing related services, such as highways for the auto industry, or subsidized experience for the electronics industry in weapons systems and space probes. The standard of the nation's achievement comes to be output, and private output at that, regardless of quality or purpose, and to the detriment of art, culture, education, and public services unrelated to profit. The standard tends to crush human life itself as the noxious byproducts of private output accumulate – pollution of air, water, and countryside, the smothering of cities, proliferation of highways and neon nightmares, the spreading of "tension and discontent" as the "individual feels himself in the grip of large, impersonal forces whose purposes he senses to be hostile. . . . Proposals for control are pictured as subversive; concern for beauty is pictured as effete," and "the quality of life" rolls downhill.

Galbraith's ideas have caught on so fast and so well that some now sound hackneyed, especially after being passed lovingly along, albeit in powerfully diluted doses, by political speechwriters from the White House on down. But as remarked in *Economics, Peace and Laughter*, positive, corrective action to redress the balance – e.g., to protect consumers or repair the environment – have thus far been "peripheral" and "cosmetic."

Though the ideas have caught on popularly, they have been enthusiastically resisted by many, and probably most, professional economists. True, Galbraith is currently President-Elect of the American Economic Association, but as perhaps the most influential economist of his generation, he would have been an awkward man to pass over. The fact remains that many economists tend to him mainly as a target which they delight to hit even, if need be, at three paces with buckshot. For example, Robert Solow of M.I.T. writes: "It is open to legitimate doubt that advertising has any detectable effect at all on the sum total of consumer spending or, in other words, on the choice between spending and saving." Solow is here expressing an unsubstantiated doubt that may not be shared by other equally observant people; but he is also failing to acknowledge that advertising can influence total spending *without* altering the saving rate – that is, by stimulating the "working" rate through moonlighting and such, an avenue more germane to Galbraith's concept of an output fetish. More important, Solow bypasses completely what is undoubtedly Galbraith's seminal point: advertising and related propaganda influences the *allocation* of consumer expenditures in favor of the products of the more powerful, monopolistic industries. "If there are too many automobiles," he writes, and "insufficient



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intercity or commuter rail service or urban rapid transit, this will plausibly be because the automobile industry exercises its sovereignty – its power to persuade people that they want automobiles – more effectively than do the producers of mass transport. We have more household appliances than houses because General Electric and Westinghouse are more powerfully sovereign than the housing industry."

In an interesting addendum in *Economics, Peace and Laughter*, Galbraith allows that he had anticipated the reception his theories would get:

"All social disciplines, and perhaps especially economics, are naturally jealous of the larger framework of assumptions in which they operate. For if assumptions become obsolete, so does the knowledge subtended thereon. . . . It follows that to attack such a framework of assumptions from within the discipline is a perilous matter. The jury, or most of it, is a party of interest. . . . The alternative is to engage a larger public and thus, as it were, force the issue on the discipline. For if the assumptions being attacked are vulnerable – if they are visibly at odds with reality – the public will be responsive."

If his fellow economists have at times been less than fair with Galbraith, as he had supposed they would, there is some evidence also that he has been less than fair with them. While granting that his theory illuminates a large and important part of the truth about our economic system, as this reviewer readily does, there is no good reason for supposing that it exposes the *entire* truth. A careless reader could get that impression. The standard tools of orthodox economics go on making their modest contributions, thank you, and while Galbraith may be correct in believing that he has no obligation to stress that fact, he may have no obligation to ignore it either. A complete explanation of the way people spend their money (and time) requires references to Galbraith data (advertising, the technostructures, etc.) as well as the orthodox variables (such as relative prices and income levels). A more generous acknowledgement on Gailbraith's part would have kept the record straight, and pleased his colleague, though it might well have bored some of his less patient readers. In *Economics, Peace and Laughter*, there is little opportunity for boredom.

Melville J. Ulmer

Waiting for the Voice to Crack

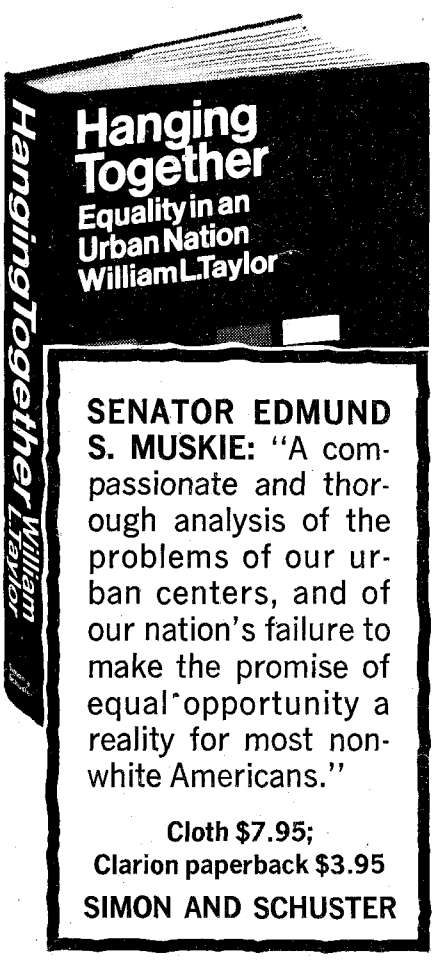
The Bell Jar
by Sylvia Plath

(Harper & Row; $6.95)

Apparent reasons for the eight-year delay in importing *The Bell Jar* from England (publication there, 1963) are not in themselves convincing. The pseudonym of Victoria Lucas was a hedge, but against what? Sylvia Plath made no secret of her authorship. Her suicide followed publication by a month, but such things have never stopped the wheels of industry from turning: she was a "property" after all, certainly following the publication of *Ariel* in 1966. Nor can we take seriously her having referred to it as a "potboiler" and therefore to be kept separate from her serious work: the oldest and most transparent of all writers' dodges. All the evidence argues against it: as early as 1957 she had written a draft of the novel; she completed the final version on a Eugene Saxton Fund fellowship and felt toward its terms an urgent sense of commitment and obligation; the painstaking quality of the writing – but above all, its subject: her own pain and sickness, treated with literal fidelity, a journal done up as a novel, manifestly re-experienced, and not from any great distance of glowing health. One of her motives was the familiar one of getting her own back, to (as her heroine says) "fix a lot of people" – among others of smaller significance, to lay the ghost of her father, and tell the world she hated her mother (the exact words of her protagonist-surrogate, spoken to her psychiatrist in a key passage).

Only the names were changed, nothing else: as much as a novel can be, it was recorded rather than imagined. Evidently she panicked as publication drew near and displayed more than the usual terror of reviewers, who were on the whole generous and patronizing in a chuckling avuncular way, though she mis-read their intention, as toward the end, one supposes, she mis-read everything. Her last awful year was marked by a miscarriage, an appendectomy, the birth of her second child, as well as a series of plaguing minor illnesses, to say nothing of separation from her husband. According to her mother, Mrs. Aurelia Plath, whose 1970 letter to her daughter's Harper & Row editor is included in a "Biographical Note" appended to the novel, Miss Plath told her brother that the book must in no circumstances be published in the U.S.

Mrs. Plath's letter is a noteworthy document, and an oddly touching one. She pleads her case by telling the editor she knows no pleas will help, though publication here will cause "suffering" in the lives of several persons whom Sylvia loved and who had "given freely of time, thought, affection, and in one case, financial help during those agonizing six months of breakdown in 1953." To them, the book as it stands in itself "represents the basest ingratitude." But, Mrs. Plath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argues, her daughter didn't mean for the book to stand alone; she herself told her mother in 1962 that she'd merely "thrown together events from my own life, fictionalizing to add color," a "potboiler" to show "how isolated a person feels when he is suffering a breakdown . . . to picture my world and the people in it as seen through the distorting lens of a bell jar." Her second novel, she assured her mother, "will show that same world as seen through the eyes of health." Ingratitude was "not the basis of Sylvia's personality"; the second novel, presumably, would have been one long, ingratiating, fictionalized thank-you note to the world. Of course the publisher is right to publish; but since the persons who may be slightly scorched are still alive, why eight years?

The novel itself is no firebrand. It's a slight, charming, sometimes funny and mildly witty, at moments tolerably harrowing "first" novel, just the sort of clever book a Smith summa cum laude (which she was) might have written if she weren't given to literary airs. From the beginning our expectations of scandal and startling revelation are disappointed by a modesty of scale and ambition and a jaunty temperateness of tone. The voice is straight out of the 1950's: politely disenchanted, wholesome, yes, wholesome, but never cloying, immediately attractive, nicely confused by it all, incorrigibly truth-telling; in short, the kind of kid we liked then, the best product of our best schools. The hand of Salinger lay heavy on her.

But this is 1971 and we read her analyst, too wily to be deceived by that decent, smiling, well-scrubbed co-ed who so wants to be liked and admired. We look for the slips and wait for the voice to crack. We want the bad, the worst news; that's what we're here for, to be made happy by horror, not to be amused by girlish chatter. Our interests are clinical and prurient. A hard case, she confounds us. She never raises her voice. To control it, she stays very close to the line of her life in her twentieth year, telling rather than evoking the memorable events; more bemused than aghast. That year she came down to New York from Smith one summer month to work as an apprentice-editor for *Mademoiselle* (here *Ladies Day)* for its college issue, a reward for being a good, straight-A girl and promising young writer; and had exactly the prescribed kind of time, meeting people and going places, eating out and dressing up, shopping and sightseeing, and thinking maybe it was about time she got laid. The closest she came to it was sleeping chastely, quite dressed and untouched, beside an inscrutable UN simultaneous translator. Throughout, the tone is prevailingly unruffled, matter-of-fact, humorously woebegone.

Prevailingly, but not quite. What should have been exciting – she was a small-town girl living in NYC for the first time on her own – was dreary, trivial, flat. She was beginning to doubt herself, her talent, her prospects. Mysteriously, as if from another work, period of life, region of the mind, images and memories startlingly appear, and just as quickly vanish; colors and events we recognize from the late poems: darkness and blackness; the world perceived as misshapen and ominous; her father (the figure of her marvelous poem "Daddy") remembered with love and fury, the source of her last "pure" happiness at the age of nine before he perversely left her bereft one day by cruelly dying; foetuses and blood, fever and sickness, the obsession with purity and the grotesque burden of her body, of feeling itself. In the poems the pressure is terrific; she screams her pain, in a final effort to contain it; yet here it is duly noted, set down serially, linearly, as possibly interesting to those in the business of making connections, scrupulously recorded as in a printed clinical questionnaire by a straight-A girl in the habit of carefully completing forms. When she sees the dumb, staring "goggle-eyed head lines" monstrously proclaiming the execution of the Rosenbergs, she "couldn't help wondering what it would be like, being burned alive all along the nerves" and concludes flatly, "I thought it must be the worst thing in the world." A silent china-white telephone sits like a "death's head." Her hometown boy-friend, a medical student, takes her to see cadavers at the morgue and a foetus with a "little piggy smile" that reminds her of Eisenhower; and then, to round things off, they go to watch a child-birth. The woman on the "awful torture-table, with these metal stirrups sticking up in mid-air" seems to her "to have nothing but an enormous spider-fat stomach and two little ugly spindly legs propped in the high stirrups" and "all the time the baby was being born she never stopped making this unhuman wooing noise" and "all the time, in some secret part of her, that long, blind, doorless and windowless corridor of pain was waiting to open up and shut her in again." A silly, simpering girl, a hat-designer idiotically pleased at the good news of the Rosenbergs' execution, reveals a "dybbuk" beneath her plump, bland exterior. But these darker notes do not accumulate to thematic density save in retrospect; they seem accidental dissonances, slips of the tongue.

Even the breakdown, when it comes, is generally muted, seeming from the outside as much slothfulness as madness, the obligatory junior-year interlude. The break is quantitative: the tones are darker, the world somewhat more distorted and remote, the voice, almost never breezy now, is more than disaffected – it can become nasty, a trifle bitchy, even cruel, streaked with violence. She makes some gestures toward suicide – as much amusing as they are frightening; and then though she very nearly brings it off, we almost can't bring ourselves to believe it, so

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theatrically staged is the scene. Yet even then, after breakdown and hospitalization, electroshock and insulin, she composes the book's funniest, most charming scene – of her incidental, much-delayed defloration; and in the knowledge of its appalling consequences. The chap, accidentally encountered on the steps of the Widener (where else?) is, she carefully notes, a 26-year-old full professor of Mathematics at Harvard, name of Irwin; and ugly. Him she elects to "seduce"; and after the fastest such episode in fiction, she isn't even sure it happened at all. Wanting more direct evidence, she can only infer it from her massive hemorrhaging. Concluding now that, no longer a virgin, she has put behind her childish things, she lies down and, bleeding profusely, writes: "I smiled into the dark. I felt part of a great tradition." At the end, the tone is ambiguous but not despairing; she has been readmitted to Smith, where out of old habit she will keep getting nothing but A's; the bell jar has descended once, and may again.

She laid out the elements of her life, one after the other, and left to the late poems the necessary work of imagining and creating it: it is for this reason that we feel in the book an absence of weight and complexity sufficient to the subject.

On balance, *The Bell Jar*, good as it is, must be counted part of Sylvia Plath's juvenilia, along with most of the poems of her first volume; though in the novel as in a few of the early poems she foretells the last voice she was ever to command.

Saul Maloff

Notes on Contributors

Andrew Oerke *is Peace Corps representative in Malawi.* Katherine Garrison Chapin's *most recent volume of poetry is entitled* The Other Journey. Saul Maloff *is the author of the novel* Happy Families.

The Second Year of the Nixon Watch, by John Osborne, has just been published by Liveright. It consists of articles originally printed in *The New Republic*.

Notable

Abortion Rap
By Diane Schulder and Florynce Kennedy

(McGraw-Hill, paper; $3.95)

Abortion Rap is about a 1970 lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of the New York State abortion law; the authors are ardent feminists who were counsel on the case. New York liberalized its abortion law before the suit could be resolved in court, as have several other states in recent years. But there are still many places in America where it is either illegal or extremely difficult for women to receive abortions, and the book is thus no mere historical exercise. Witnesses speak movingly of how degrading it is to be shackled to an unwanted fetus: the initial panic when learning of one's pregnancy; the crassness of doctors who refuse to help, and often threaten to inform; the humiliation of "slinking away" to homes for unwed mothers; the loss of jobs or scholarships; the sorrow of shotgun marriages; the fright and danger of back-alley abortions.

The book suffers from too much legal gobbledegook and from being a bit too radical chic, but it is a powerful reminder of the hardship millions of women needlessly endure in an age when it is so easy to perform abortions safely and without ado.

Carrington, Letters and Extracts from Her Diaries
edited by David Garnett

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $12.50)

There were many men in Carrington's life but the important ones were Lytton Strachey, Gerald Brenan and Ralph Partridge. She married Partridge but she loved the others. Strachey was a homosexual; their relationship after the first few years declined into a steady chumsiness. Brenan she had trysts with, and her husband's discovery of the Brenan affair was the beginning of the end of the marriage. Brenan was passionate, poetic and poor; she kept complaining to him as well as to Lytton that love letters should not be left lying about or sent where husbands and servants would read them.

Carrington herself, despite her amours, constantly professed frigidity to her

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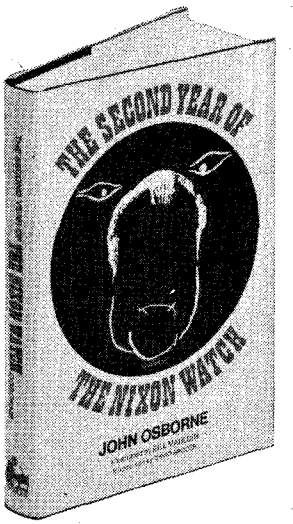

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men. One suspects that much of her love life is more nearly in the letters, which are sometimes superb, than the flesh. Certainly the letters display a mind fascinated by the development of situations and the analysis of character, as if Carrington vaguely conceived herself to be living a novel.

The editor of her steady outpourings, David Garnett, has made the most of her propensities; he has in effect created a novel *of* the letters by judicious cutting and by the infrequent intrusion of key correspondence from other points of view than Carrington's, plus occasional balancing of letter with diary. The result is astonishing; the volume is as much art as correspondence, and, after a slow start and a few stretches of wasteland, extremely moving. Her life goes downhill, the shine wears off and she is left, still in her thirties, *back* with Lytton Strachey and being driven remorselessly to an awareness that he scarcely thinks of her.

Then suddenly Lytton dies. The deathbed scenes and after (within two months of the death she took her own life) are a mixture of fantasizing about her past with Lytton – for at this point she conceives that Lytton had always been her life's true center – and tough-minded observations by a good mind given over to despair. For in the end it turns out to have been indeed a good mind. Good book too.

Build Me a Mountain
Youth, Poverty and the Creation of New Settings
By I. Ira Goldenberg

(M.I.T. Press; $10.00)

One of the ways we can protect ourselves from the demands of sharp social criticism is to concentrate on the limitations of human nature so exclusively and gloomily that we become convinced after a while that we are lucky things aren't even worse. In so doing psychological and psychiatric theories are always helpful, as are words like "psychopathic" and "sociopathic." If a child from a ghetto is fresh or insolent, if he refuses to listen to and respect his teacher, if he speaks his own kind of language and has his own kind of social and ethical code, the rest of us can look at him and call him "disturbed" or "delinquent" or a "potential sociopath." While it is true that such a child may well be all that those words imply, it is also true that such words can become selectively used, moralistic bludgeons; we don't, for instance, call certain politicians or generals "sociopaths."

Build Me A Mountain is written by a clinical psychologist who is very much aware of such ironies. Dr. Goldenberg describes the development of what he calls (rather nicely) a "new setting" – a residential center in New Haven where so-called "hard core" inner city youths lived and came to be after a while quite different human beings. That is to say, they learned to feel a sense of respect for each other, and most of all, to have hope. By no means was that achievement an easy one; setbacks took place, and of course will take place. Yet youths already in trouble or headed for trouble could indeed change significantly, given the kind of "setting" this book describes.

More than anything else Dr. Goldenberg and his associates had faith that for all the bad side to those young people, there was in them, there is in all of us, something else: the capacity to give as well as take, to show kindness as well as declare outrage and exact revenge. This book has its own worth as a research project carefully written up; but in addition there is in it much that is of larger moral and philosophical interest. The next time someone talks about how "impossible" certain people are, how limited or doomed this one or that one is by virtue of his "heredity" or his "early childhood" or the "environment" to which he has been subjected, *Build Me A Mountain* might be suggested as an interesting study—and an example of what *can* be done, where there is the will and intelligence to act. However, since the whole effort was stimulated and backed in the 1960's by the "war on poverty," and since at least *that* war is over, one can only expect a poor reception for Dr. Goldenberg's book.

Encounter with Disaster
A Medical Diary of Hiroshima 1945
by Averill A. Liebow

(W. W. Norton; $8.95)

Before Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon had to come to terms with our "role" in Vietnam President Truman had decided to let our Air Force drop two atomic bombs on the densely populated Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Then, as now, we were told that the point was to shorten a war. Then, as now, we are going to bring the boys back quickly and spare us (as well as the enemy) a long, drawn out, costly struggle. So, in an instant thousands and thousands of innocent men, women and children were killed – after which the Japanese did indeed surrender. Meanwhile we have yet to

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feel like confident winners. We had to fight in Korea a few years later, and now we are still in Asia, the impoverished continent that has been a curse of sorts for this rich and mighty nation. One wonders why we had to export so self-righteously our particular religion to an old and eminently civilized Asian people, in the first place – that is, back in missionary days – and why we now continue to squander the lives of our young men there, as well as our moral capital.

Dr. Liebow hasn't written this "medical diary" to answer such questions, but in his own way he tells us the terrible price we have paid for becoming an ambitious "world-power." He does so by describing in great detail (and without a trace of rhetoric or nervous self-righteousness) what we did to the minds and bodies of those who had the bad luck to be living in Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. He is an even-handed, decent physician and a meticulous observer. He records what he saw, day after day, in late 1945 and early 1946, when thousands who survived our atomic bomb were sick and dying from burns, injuries, radiation sickness, and on and on. He tells of the growing friendship he and other American physicians developed with their Japanese colleagues. He records his horror as a scientist and human being at the suffering he witnessed; and he also reveals unselfconsciously and modestly what he and other doctors managed to do against the highest odds possible. Many were doomed, but some at least could be saved. The same nation which could make an atomic bomb could send a compassionate and dedicated man like Dr. Liebow to help make amends. It was an episode in man's history that will hopefully never be forgotten—or repeated.

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

young again, and the reply is, "No, thank you, once was enough." More chuckling. I can't see why *Follies* won't run forever.

Which is not to recommend it.

The setting is an old theater about to be torn down, a place that housed a string of hit revues between the wars. The old producer – based, of course, on Ziegfeld – gives a farewell party on stage to which he invites the girls who used to be in his shows, some of them now antique. While they meet and reminisce, the ghosts of their former selves glide among them, invisible to them, commenting silently to us.

Now that's a workable premise for a show. But *Follies* fails for me in three ways. 1) A story had to be invented, to utilize the premise. The plot and dialogue by James Goldman, the tuppenny poet of *The Lion in Winter*, are inane. 2) None of the performers is really good, and only a few of them, like Mary McCarty and Gene Nelson, are acceptable. Alexis Smith, much acclaimed, is an attractive, well-coached amateur – a less flamboyant Lauren Bacall. 3) The one element that could redeem all the above is missing: a good score. Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are occasionally clever, but his melodic invention, as he showed in *Company*, is lame. He knows the patterns of the pop music of the past and he provides numbers that whack along in the *shapes* of former hits, pounding with rhythms and repetitions until the audience is beaten into a frenzy. But the spontaneous pleasure that one gets from hearing a good new tune is completely missing.

As in *Company*, the best achievement is the scene design by Boris Aronson. He is a first-class scenic dramatist, working this time with a blend of romanticism and constructivism and greatly aided by Tharon Musser's lighting. The costumes by Florence Klotz are good, particularly the variations she worked on black and white for the ghost performers.

The climax is a fantasy called "Loveland," a sort of 1920 extravaganza in which the "present" characters appear. This mockery of old musical numbers, which has recurred on Broadway since the Second War (as, for instance, in *Mame*), is facile and usually irritating: because it assumes that the "present" show is better than the material being mocked, when, as here, the intrinsic quality is the same in both time strata.

The big-time theater seems to be running out of the ability to nourish itself on society, so it's feeding on itself, chewing its left leg or right arm. To change metaphors, *No, No, Nanette* (which I haven't seen) is evidently a bit of baby-blanket to which the audience can cling. *Follies* is even more revealing because it *invents* its nostalgia. Imagine an album of old-time hits that never existed before 1971! Consider what the need for them means.

Well, it's a felt need, all right; and *Follies* answers it. It's aimed squarely at the audience that can afford to come to it. A perfect union, that show and its audience, replenishing one another with mutual, wry, self-satisfied admission of regrets. The Old Guard never dies, it just keeps on surrendering.

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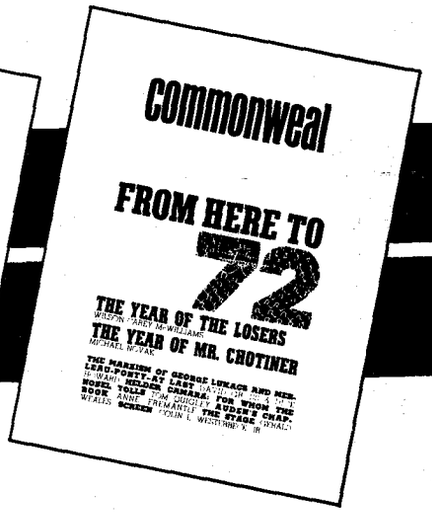

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